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BOGART

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BOGIE AND THE GREAT LADIES:
Katharine Hepburn
Bette Davis
Ingrid Bergman

Bogart &
Bacall

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Bogie Film Festival

A complete catalog of Humphrey Bogart's 75 movies

1. A DEVIL WITH WOMEN (Fox, 1930) In his movie debut, Bogart played debonair young Tom Standish, thorn in the side of hero Victor McLaglen. Central American setting.

2. UP THE RIVER (Fox, 1930) Described as "prison farce," Bogart played Steve, an ex-con. With Spencer Tracy. Bogart's only movie for director John Ford, who hated this film.

3. BODY AND SOUL (Fox, 1930) Killed early in film, Bogart played Jim Watson, young R.A.F. aviator in France. With Charles Farrell, with whom Bogart fought constantly.

4. BAD SISTER (Universal, 1931) Bette Davis' movie debut. Bogie played con-man Valentine Corliss, courting gal for money to back fake factory. His first role as a heavy.

5. WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS (Fox, 1931) Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe played Sgt. Flagg and Sgt. Quirt, two characters they'd made very popular in WHAT PRICE GLORY? Bogie played Marine buddy, Stone.

6. A HOLY TERROR (Fox, 1931) Bogart's first Western. He played ranch foreman Steve Nash. He wasn't at home on a horse or a range.

7. LOVE AFFAIR (Columbia, 1932) His first real lead. Bogart played a flying instructor and poor inventor with a rich girlfriend.

8. BIG CITY BLUES (Warner Brothers, 1932) Bogie played minor role of Adkins in this country-boy-in- big-city saga. First picture for Warners, he was billed 10th.

9. THREE ON A MATCH (Warner Bros., 1932) Small role as Ace, racketeer boss. With Bette Davis and Joan Blondell, directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Picture that sent Bogart back to New York and theater.

10. MIDNIGHT (Universal, 1934) Shot in N.Y., Bogart played very minor role of gangster Garboni in courtroom drama.

11. THE PETRIFIED FOREST (Warner Brothers, 1934) The movie from which all real "Bogie" films date. Recreating his Broadway role of Duke Mantee—the vicious killer holding an inn full of people at gun point—Bogie's characterization was brilliant. With Leslie Howard and Bette Davis, directed by Archie Mayo.

12. TWO AGAINST THE WORLD (Warner Brother-First National, 1936) Second-rate re-make of FIVE STAR FINAL, concerning murder on the airwaves—the radio airwaves in those days. Bogie played Sherry Scott, the lead.

13. BULLETS OR BALLOTS (Warner Bros.-First National, 1936) Edward G. Robinson was lead, as cop masquerading as crook. Bogart was Fenner, the trigger-happy villain with cop connections. He was aided and abetted by that slime among baddies, Barton MacLane. With Joan Blondell again.

14. CHINA CLIPPER (Warner Bros.-First National, 1936) Bogie played Hap Stuart, war ace, who forms trans-Pacific airline with Pat O'Brien. He loathed film, but liked O'Brien.

15. ISLE OF FURY (Warner Bros., 1936) A B-pic, with Bogie playing lead, Val Stevens, a fugitive hiding out on small Pacific Island. He always claimed he couldn't remember making this one.

16. THE GREAT O'MALLEY (Warner Bros., 1937) Out-of-work John Phillipps, played by Bogie, goes to jail for robbery. With Pat O'Brien and Ann Sheridan. It was one of those terrible movies "we turned out at that sweatshop (Warner Bros.). But Pat was good. Pat was always good."

17. BLACK LEGION (Warner Bros., 1937) Called by some critics Bogie's best film to date, he didn't agree. He liked PETRIFIED FOREST better. As Frank Taylor, he gets involved in racket group, fights invasion of American rights by foreigners, commits murder and goes to prison for life. With Ann Sheridan.

18. SAN QUENTIN (Warner Bros.-First National, 1937) Pat O'Brien played lead as prison warden. Bogie was Red Kennedy, jailed robber, whose sister, Ann Sheridan, is torn between love of Pat and Bogie.

19. MARKED WOMAN (Warner Bros.-First National, 1937) Change for Bogie playing David Graham, crime-busting D.A. He enlists aid of shady hostess lady Bette Davis. With Mayo Methot whom he married during filming.

20. KID GALAHAD (Warner Bros., 1937) Edward G. Robinson, fight manager, lead. Bogie played Turkey Morgan, fight fixer. In end, he dies in gun battle with Edward G. Bette Davis also starred.

21. DEAD END (Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists, 1937) Baby Face Martin, vicious slum killer, was Bogie's best role since Duke Mantee. With an impressive cast—Joel McCrea, Sylvia Sidney, Wendy Barrie, Claire Trevor, Marjorie Main, Ward Bond and, for the very first time on the Silver Screen, the Dead End Kids. Very memorable.

22. STAND-IN (Walter Wanger-United Artists, 1937) As hard-drinking Douglas Quintain, chief of Colossal Film Co., this was Bogie's first comedy. With Leslie Howard and Joan Blondell.

23. SWING YOUR LADY (Warner Bros., 1938) Bogie played Ed Hatch, wrestling promoter, in film described as "hillbilly farce." Definitely one of the worst of Bogie.

24. MEN ARE SUCH FOOLS (Warner Bros., 1938) Wayne Morris was hero who won girl, Priscilla Lane, from silly ad exec, Bogie. Directed by Busby Berkeley—not exactly famous as a Bogie-type director.

25. CRIME SCHOOL (Warner Bros.-First National, 1938) Together with the Dead End Kids again, this time settlement-house director, Bogart reformed them.

26. THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE (Warner Bros.-First National, 1938) With Edward G. Robinson, who starred, and Claire Trevor. Bogie played Rocks Valentine—head of a gang of jewel thieves! Bogie didn't love this one, either.

27. RACKET BUSTERS (Cosmopolitan-Warner Bros., 1938) B-flick with Bogie playing racketeer, Martin, who gets busted.

28. ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES (Warner Bros.-First National, 1938) With James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, Ann Sheridan—and the Dead End Kids—it couldn't be all bad, and it wasn't. Bogie, playing crooked lawyer Joe Frazier, dies at hands of Cagney at end. But that was happening lots lately.

29. KING OF THE UNDERWORLD (Warner Bros., 1939) A gangster again, with more bloody gun battles to fight. With Kay Francis.

30. THE OKLAHOMA KID (Warner Bros., 1939) Bogie's second Western and not much better than first. As bad-guy gambler, he dies in bloody gun battle with James Cagney—again.

31. DARK VICTORY (Warner Bros.-First National, 1939) With Bette Davis and George Brent, it was really Bette's movie. Change of pace for Bogie who played Michael O'Leary, horse-trainer for poor Betty going blind.

PLEASE TURN PAGE

32. YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH MURDER (Warner Bros.-First National, 1939) Small-time crook, Frank Wilson, doesn't die—he gets sent to prison. With Dead End Kid Huntz Hall.

33. THE RETURN OF DR. X (Warner Bros.-First National, 1939) Elwctrocuted for murder, Dr. Marshall Kane, alias Dr. Xaviar—played by Bogie—returns from dead as vampire. With Dead End Kid Huntz Hall and Wayne Morris. On a par with SWING YOUR LADY.

34. THE ROARING TWENTIES (Warner Bros., 1939) Saloon-keeper Bogie joins Jimmy Cagney in boot-legging business—and dies. With Priscilla Lane. Very popular here and in England.

35. INVISIBLE STRIPES (Warner Bros.-First National, 1939) Bogart, playing ex-con Chuck Martin, goes back to life of crime—and dies. With George Raft, William Holden whom he didn't like, and Dead End Kid Leo Gorcey.

36. VIRGINIA CITY (Warner Bros.-First National, 1940) Bogie's third Western, for which he grew bad-guy moustache. He played Civil War guerrilla gold thief, killed by star and good guy Errol Flynn.

37. IT ALL CAME TRUE (Warner Bros.-First National, 1940) Crime-comedy about nightclub owner Chips Macguire (Bogie) who gets involved in gangland murder and hides out in boarding house. With Ann Sheridan and Zazu Pitts.

38. BROTHER ORCHID (Warner Bros.-First National, 1940) Robinson in title role, as bad guy gone good and a monk to boot. Bogie played Jack Buck who takes over Robinson's business.

39. THEY DRIVE BY NIGHT (Warner Bros.-First National, 1941) Bogie played George Raft's younger brother, who loses arm in trucking accident. With Ann Sheridan, Raft's girl, and Ida Lupino, the murderous lady who also loved Raft. Poor Bogie!

40. HIGH SIERRA (Warner Brothers-First National, 1941) Mad Dog Roy Earle, last of the Dillinger Mob, becomes involved with crippled girl. Makes last stand against police in Sierras and dies. Bogie, as Earle, sensational, and Warner Bros. realize he's a star. With Ida Lupino.

41. THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT (Warner Bros.-First National, 1941) Bogie played Nick Coster, owner carnival, who interferes with lives of all he knows—and dies at end. Bogie's first top-biller. With Joan Leslie, Sylvia Sydney.

42. THE MALTESE FALCON (Warner Bros.-First National, 1941) Private eye Sam Spade—Bogie—leads Mary Astor, Sydney Greenstreet and Peter Lorre on unforgettable search for now-legendary bird. Nominated for Best Picture, this is first of "classic-cult" pix. Director, for first time, John Huston.

43. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT (Warner Bros.-First National, 1942) Former mobster, Gloves Donahue, proves even gangsters can be patriotic—and better than Nazis. With Peter Lorre, Conrad Veidt.

44. THE BIG SHOT (Warner Bros.-First National, 1942) Duke Berne goes to jail for robbery he didn't commit. Escapes and dies.

45. ACROSS THE PACIFIC (Warner Bros.-First National, 1942) Bogie as secret agent, Rick Leland, in Pacific. With Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet—director John Huston got drafted into Army midway through.

46. CASABLANCA (Warner Bros.—First National, 1943) As cafe proprietor, Monsieur Rick, Bogie establishes himself, once and for all, as great leading man and lover. With Ingrid Bergman, Paul Henried, Claude Rains, Conrad Veidt, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre, S.Z. Zakall, Dooley Wilson. Director Michael Curtiz won Oscar for Best Director, film won Best Picture, Bogie nominated for Best Actor.

47. ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (Warner Bros.-First National, 1943) Bogart was Joe Ross, first mate on tanker fighting subs in North Atlantic. With Raymond Massey.

48. SAHARA (Columbia, 1943) Sgt. Joe Gunn fights Nazis in desert. With Bruce Bennett, Lloyd Bridges, J. Carroll Naish, Dan Duryea. Naish won nomination for Best Supporting Actor.

49. PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warner Bros.-First National, 1944) Matrac, prisoner on Devil's Island, escapes with other prisoners to help France fight war. With Michele Morgan, Philip Dorn, Lorre and Greenstreet.

50. CONFLICT (Warner Bros. 1945) Richard Mason, wife-killer, is caught in end. With Alexis Smith, Bogie's last with Greenstreet.

51. TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT (Warner Bros.-First National, 1945) Skipper Harry Morgan plays politics in Martinique for fee. With brand-new teammate and next wife Lauren Bacall. Her debut.

52. THE BIG SLEEP (Warner Bros.-First National, 1946) Bogie as private eye Philip Marlowe almost as good as Sam Spade—but not quite. With Bacall again.

53. TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE (Warner Bros., 1946) Appears only at end, with Bacall, as gag.

54. THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS (Warner Bros.-First National, 1947) As Geoffrey Carroll, Bogie knocks off one wife, almost does in Alexis Smith, the second Mrs. Carroll. With Nigel Bruce.

55. DEAD RECKONING (Columbia, 1947) Rip Murdock, ex-paratrooper, investigates murder of buddy. Imitation BIG SLEEP, with Lizbeth Scott.

56. DARK PASSAGE (Warner Bros.-First National, 1947) As Vincent Parry, Bogie, unjustly jailed for killing wife, escapes from San Quentin, bumps into Lauren Bacall, who helps him prove Agnes Moorehead did it.

57. TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE (Warner Bros.-First National, 1948) Fred C. Dobbs, passionate, utterly greedy prospector, is one of Bogie's greatest acting jobs. With Walter Huston who won Oscar for Best Supporting Actor. John Huston won Oscar for Best Director, movie nominated for Best Picture. Another classic.

58. KEY LARGO (Warner Bros.-First National, 1948) Frank McCloud, ex-Army major, comes to grips with racketeer Edward G., during hurricane in Fla. Keys. With Lauren Bacall, Lionel Barrymore, and Claire Trevor, who won Oscar for Best Supporting Actress.

59. KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (Santana Columbia, 1949) Bogie's first pic under own Santana label. Otherwise not much. Bogie plays lawyer defending juvenile killer John Derek—his first.

60. TOKYO JOE (Santana-Columbia, 1949) Joe Barrett, ex-flyer, smuggles war criminals back into Japan to prevent daughter's death. Bogie dies in end. Incredible.

61. CHAIN LIGHTNING (Warner Bros.-First National, 1950) Matt Brennan, ex-bomber pilot, tests new jet planes for not-so-nice boss.

62. IN A LONELY PLACE (Santana-Columbia, 1950) Dixon Steele, accused of murdering hat check girl, is helped by—and almost kills—Gloria Grahame. Interesting, under-rated film.

63. THE ENFORCER (Warner Bros.-United States, 1951) Martin Ferguson, ass't D.A. triumphs over Murder Inc. With Zero Mostel. Bogie's last for Warner Brothers.

64. SIROCCO (Santana, Columbia, 1951) Harry Smith corners black market in Damascus in 1925. With Lee J. Cobb.

65. THE AFRICAN QUEEN (Horizon-Romulus-United Artists, 1952) Biggest pic of Bogie's career. Harry Allnut, gin-soaked skipper of *African Queen*, takes prim old maid Katharine Hepburn out of German East Africa in WW I. Bogie won his Oscar, long overdue and well-deserved. Hepburn nominated Best Actress. With Robert Morley, Peter Bull, Theodore Bikel, Peter Swanick. An experience.

66. DEADLINE—U.S.A. (20th Century Fox) Ed Hucheson, managing editor of newspaper, exposes crime syndicate as paper is about to fold. With Ethel Barrymore, Kim Hunter, Ed Begley.

67. BATTLE CIRCUS (MGM, 1953) Major Jim Webbe is Army surgeon in Korea with nurse June Allyson. No love team.

68. BEAT THE DEVIL (Santana-Romulus-United Artists, 1954) Billie Danreuther is head of bunch of crooks trying to pull uranium caper in Africa. Spoof written by Truman Capote, Bogie always torn between loving it and thinking it was "mess." With Jennifer Jones, Robert Morley. His last with Peter Lorre and director John Huston.

69. THE CAINE MUTINY (Stanley Kramer-Columbia, 1954) Crazy, compulsive Lt. Commander Queeg—nuts but straight, loyal, true—complete departure for Bogey. Won him Oscar nomination. With Jose Ferrer, Fred MacMurray, Van Johnson.

70. SABRINA (Billy Wilder-Paramount, 1954) Wealthy, hard-working Linus Larabee wins chauffeur's daughter, Audrey Hepburn, from playboy brother, William Holden. Bogie didn't like Hepburn or Holden. She got Oscar nomination for Best Actress.

71. THE BAREFOOT CONTESSA (Figaro-United States, 1954) Bogie played washed-up director Harry Dawes who makes comeback via new movie star with strange, gypsy background—Ava Gardner. With Edmond O'Brien who won Oscar for Best Supporting Actor.

72. WE'RE NO ANGELS (Paramount, 1955) From play "My Three Angels," Bogie plays Devil's Island escapee, Joseph, who plays Santa to family he meant to fleece. With Aldo Ray, Peter Ustinov.

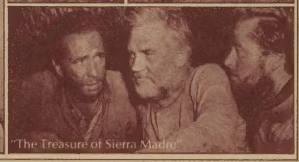
73. THE DESPERATE HOURS (Paramount, 1955) Glenn Griffith, vicious escaped con, holds terrified family at bay. Good old Bogie characterization. With Frederic March, Arthur Kennedy, Martha Scott, Dewey Martin, Gig Young.

74. THE LEFT HAND OF GOD (20th Century Fox, 1959) Jim Carmody, an American flyer, disguises himself as priest to escape Chinese warlord in 1947. With Gene Tierney, Lee J. Cobb, Agnes Moorehead.

75. THE HARDER THEY FALL (Columbia, 1956) Eddie Willis, out-of-work sports writer, joins fight-promotion racket. Pic very Bogie, but he was tired all the time, and ill during filming. Film was released April, '56, he died Jan. 14, 1957. ■

☆☆☆☆ The Best of the Bogie Films...

When he was good he was super! ☆☆☆☆



"If you ask me, the best director around is Huston. I mean, he's a son of a bitch in some ways, but I certainly enjoyed working with him."

Thus spake Humphrey Bogart, and well he might. For John Huston is responsible for more of the Bogie super goodies than any other director. He is, in fact, responsible for the very first of the Bogie classics to go down in the annals of movie-making.

Up until 1941, many of the roles Bogie was playing—good and bad—had been turned down by every other actor in town. Mostly, they were George Raft rejects. But one day, Bogie's bosses and script-pickers, the Warner Brothers, got hold of a little item called *The Maltese Falcon*. Bogie had seen it and wanted it badly. The Warner Brothers, of course, offered it to George Raft. Bogie was furious and the story goes that it almost caused a feud with Raft. Raft solved the problem neatly by turning the picture down, apparently on the grounds that an earlier version of the Dashiell Hammett novel had been filmed in the thirties, and had failed miserably. But even after Raft bowed out, the studio wasn't quite prepared to give it to Bogie. But he fought, although frankly, they had even less faith in the film than George Raft. Script-writer John Huston was directing for the very first time. A brand-new actor to American films, Sidney Greenstreet, had a key role. True, there was veteran actress Mary Astor to play the beautiful damsel in distress—but she was really "the bad guy" in disguise. And the usually dependable Peter Lorre had added a new dimension to his psycho routine. Perfumed, peculiar and very effeminate, he was like nothing anyone had ever seen before. With craziness like this—what could go right?

The answer, of course, was everything. This is not just one of the Bogie greats—it's one of the all-time *movie* greats—flawless in every detail.

"There are very few things in my life that I'm proud of," said Bogie much later in his life, "and this is one of them." *The Falcon* differs from all other Bogart films in one respect. It has a following all its own which shares nothing at all in common with the Bogart cult—except for their mutual love of this one little unflawed film gem.

If anyone had told Bogie he'd feel the same kind of pride toward *Casablanca*, he'd have laughed in their faces. Together with co-star Ingrid Bergman and Warner Brothers, he was sure this one was going to bomb. Not even the winning team of Peter Lorre and Sydney Greenstreet—with Claude Raines for added support—was going to save this one. It got so dismal that even the hysterical phone calls from Bogie's jealous wife, Mayo Methot, were looked forward to as a bit of excitement during an otherwise unrewarding day. Bogie took to cheering himself up by doing hilariously accurate imitations of Sydney Greenstreet to anyone who'd listen. Meanwhile they all waited patiently for *Casablanca* to flop.

It never did. Winning an Oscar for itself and director Michael Curtiz, *Casablanca* has gone down in film history as *the* definitive Bogie film. It won Bogie his first Academy Award nomination, made *Monsieur Rick* one of the most popular of all movie characters, and still has a nation gruffly intoning, "Play it again, Sam." But more important, it convinced Warner Brothers that Bogie had sex appeal.

In 1944, Bogie got a brand-new leading lady, a very young and beautiful girl Warner Brothers were sure they could build up to stardom. Her name was Lauren Bacall, and the film was *To Have and Have Not*. The story of their incredible, near-scandalous romance, has been told elsewhere in this book. Yet their love affair so dominated the film, perhaps even saving it from mediocrity, that it deserves mention here. It was director Howard Hawks' job to make a full-length feature film from a very bare Hemingway story of the same name, and there was really not enough material to do it with. But the sparks set off by Bogie and Bacall—and the sensational love scenes—gave Hawks a very good idea. He'd revamp the script to emphasize their relationship. The electricity between them was enough not only to save the film, but to make it a very good one. As for Bogie and Bacall, they'd have gone down in film history as a romantic team even if they hadn't married. In fact, Bogie had decided not to marry her, when they were cast again in *The Big Sleep*. The movie won no awards, but Bogie did ultimately win a fourth wife because of it and the happiest days of his life. For that reason alone, it was his favorite, along with *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*.

Considered one of his true greats, this was Bogie's third film with John Huston. And like his first, it was allowed to happen almost by accident. Huston had written the script about the ragged, desperate prospectors whose one passion—most especially Bogie's character, Fred Dobbs—was gold. Co-starring with Bogie as the next greediest man in the desert, was John's daddy, the late great Walter Huston. Jack, the mightiest Warner of them all, had apparently never bothered reading the script. Hearing the location was Mexico, he immediately envisioned lovely senoritas, flashing black eyes, lots of local charm and music. When the first rushes came through, showing Bogie and Walter Huston looking simply for water and gold, Jack was appalled. "It's terrible," he reportedly said. "Can't you get those guys to shave?" It was explained to Jack that prospectors out in the desert, looking for gold, could hardly be expected to shave.

Jack reluctantly accepted the explanation, saying, "Anyhow, you ought to get some music in there. They're looking for gold all right—mine."

When more rushes came in, with Bogie and Huston still searching for water, Jack allegedly commented, "If that son of a bitch doesn't find water soon, I'll go broke."

But whatever Jack said, Bogie was having the acting time of his life. As with *The Falcon*, everything just clicked. "Something happened between Walter and me," Bogie explained afterward, "and it turned out . . . all right." The film won Oscars for both Hustons—Best Director for John. Best Supporting actor for Walter, and it established Bogie as one of the all-time greats. The role was a complete departure for him.

It was real acting, with Bogie submerging himself in the role—and it was the best preparation he could ever have for his greatest triumph—the role of Harry Allnut in *The African Queen*.

These films are the classics, those rare instances in which Bogie, the script and the supporting players and the directors all happened to click, making for a complete and brilliant whole. But there are others, "the eternal watchables," as one critic called them. And they are frequently Bogie at his very best—although the script or the director might not have been up to him. There's *The Petrified Forest* from which all Bogie buffs date his career. His Baby Face Martin was also brilliant, and *Dead End* is, indeed, watchable. His Mad Dog Earle role, in the fascinating film *Sierra*, is as touching and tragic as it was the day he made it. War films like *Sahara* are still great action flicks. His Philip Marlowe in the *Big Sleep* is better than any detective flick around—except *The Maltese Falcon*. And we'd still stay up all night to watch *Key Largo*. This movie was a special satisfaction to Bogie. For the first time, he got top billing over Edward G. and his Captain Queeg, in *Caine Mutiny* was a brilliant performance, even if he didn't think so. When a fan once asked him how he got his eyes to look so crazy, replied Bogie, "No problem. I am a little crazy, you know."

This then, is the legacy of Bogart—five greats among all the greats of movie history—and at least a dozen eternal watchables. There's hardly an actor in the annals of the business who can even come close. •

The Worst of the Bogie Films

"Do you realize you're looking at an actor who's made more lousy pictures than any other in history?"
—Humphrey Bogart

"Do you realize you're looking at an actor who's made more lousy pictures than any other in history?" Bogie once told friends proudly. Bogie loved hating his worst efforts—especially those filmed between *The Petrified Forest* and *The Maltese Falcon*. He made so many movies in those interim years, he later claimed he couldn't even remember their titles. "I used to have to look in the newspapers to see what I was in." But like all-time home-run champ Babe Ruth—who, because he tried so many times, was also the all-time strike-out king—Bogie never stopped swinging at any script they threw him. Now there must be a moral to that. And in the interests of dramatic education—and on the theory that a bad Bogie movie is better than no Bogie movie at all—and because Bogie took such a relish in hating his grade-B efforts, here, together with his pungent remarks, is the worst of Bogie, in order of appearance.

Bogie couldn't stop himself from sneering when he talked about *China Clipper*. Maybe it was because he hated playing ex-war aces. Or maybe it was because the story of two flyers starting their own air-freight business was being done by all the other studios, too, and perhaps the guys with the lighter touch did do it better.

"If you want to know the worst picture I ever made," Bogart once shuddered, "get them to screen *Swing Your Lady* for you." Described as a "hillbilly farce," Bogie hated it so he couldn't forget it. All through his career, he'd refer back to it as the apex of his baddies.

Men Are Such Fools was Bogie's punishment for having won a salary raise from Jack Warner. A romantic comedy, in which he loses the girl, the film was directed by Busby Berkeley. Need we say more?

The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse was always "The Amazing Dr. Clitoris" to Bogie. Well, if you were cast as a top jewel thief called Rocks Valentine, what would you call it?

King of the Underworld was one of those movies Bogie refused to rehearse or read the script for. "How many ways can you say *'argh'* or *'reach,'* " he insisted. Noel Coward, who'd seen film, asked Bogie, "Have you and Jack Warner no shame?" "None," replied Bogie.

The Oklahoma Kid was a Western and Bogie was incredible. He was never at home on a horse and it showed. Mercifully, Jimmy Cagney kills him—but not soon enough.

One of the more loathsome experiences of Bogie's life was a little saga called *Invisible Stripes*. "Jesus!" he'd gasp, whenever the film was mentioned.

His third and last western *Virginia City* co-starred Erroll Flynn. The experience did not make him like Westerns—or Flynn—any better than he had before.

The Wagons Roll At Night was the first film he made after *High Sierra*, and it was a big let-down. He did get star billing, but the movie was so second rate, he always referred to it "as that one I made after *High Sierra*."

From 1941 to about 1948, Bogie really made no genuinely bad movies. Some were not as good as others, and maybe one or two were just a little indifferent—but nothing really terrible. Then in '48, Bogie went off on his own. Some of his earliest efforts showed about as much judgment as Jack Warner had had. *Tokyo Joe*, an incredible story about flying war prisoners to Japan, was a prime example. Bogie always referred to it as a "meat-and-potatoes" film, one they did to make money, "but it stank, of course."

But the high point of the baddies was a film called, *Battle Circus*. Not too clever a plot to begin with, June Allyson was cast as the love interest. That was enough to have Bogie's pals and ardent fans rolling in the aisles—and to stop the picture cold. *Maybe Swing Your Lady* was the worst—but *Battle Circus* fights for a close second.

So there you have it, the worst of Bogie, and it's not a bad score for a guy who swung the bat as many times as he did. The hits outnumber the strike-outs by a long shot. As for the genuine homeruns—they outweigh, if not outnumber, almost anything anyone has done in films.●

INCREDIBLY ENOUGH, HE WAS A BEAUTIFUL BABY!

At the tender age of 18 months (left), we see a totally lovable Humphrey Bogart. At the age of 8, Bogart still looks appealing enough (above) and hardly destined for Warner Brothers' Gangster Gallery. Right, he holds a drawing done by his artist-mother, for which he served as the model.

The Roaring Twenties—a time of golden youth, beautiful girls and handsome young men leading wild lives of flaming, but sweet, enchantment. At least that's the way theater audiences of the time wanted to see it, and there was scarcely a Broadway play that didn't boast a scene filled with the handsome young faces. But it did present playwrights with one problem—how to get the kids offstage and get on with other things.

An author—no, a genius—soon found a method. Another handsome young man, in spotless white flannels and brandishing a tennis racket, would suddenly appear.

"Tennis, anyone?" he'd call, and off they'd all troop.

More often than not, the dandy was played by that good-looking, upper-crust, "splendid boy," as his father would call him—Humphrey DeForest Bogart. The story goes, in fact, that Bogart was the first to utter the line, and would make a fairly regular career of it for the next few years. And he did carry it off with such elegance and class you would have thought he was to the manner born—as indeed he was.

Christmas Day is not a bad time for a legend to get himself born. And the myth persists that on that stupendous day, in 1899, Humphrey Bogart made his way into this world. Even Lauren Bacall and reporter-friend Joe Hyams have given the date substance by remembering wistfully how Bogie would complain about never getting separate birthday presents.

But according to some records, he was actually born January 23, 1899!

Wherefore the Christmas legend? It reportedly happened rather late in the life of Bogart. But it is also typical of the contradictions that would ultimately make up the whole fabric of his legend.

It started at the end of the thirties, when Bogart, with a little help from his bosses and script-pickers, the Brothers Warner, had become the meanest man in movies. The Brothers, in a moment of rare insight, decided maybe Bogart could stretch his talents to play good guys as well as the endless gangster roles they'd given him. But by then, they'd created a monster—oddly lovable perhaps—but vicious beyond reformation. So to add a little humanity to Bogart's Public Enemy Number I image, they allegedly hung the Christmas birth date on him. After all, anyone born on Deceober 25th couldn't be all bad, could he?

For Humphrey DeForest Bogart (Humphrey for his very famous illustrator mother Maude Humphrey; DeForest for his very prominent physician father, Dr. Belmont DeForest Bogart) every day should have been Christmas from the moment he was born. The turn of the century was a time Americans called "The Age of Innocence," when they weren't calling it the "Age of Optimism." It was an era of peace and prosperity, and the Bogarts had plenty of the latter. Although not zillionaires, as some myths would have it, they had more than enough, and they also had something far more than money. Listed in New York's "Bluebook," along with Manhattan's bluest bloods—money was not enough to get you in here—the Bogarts did have class. It was not a quality Bogart would come to honor in his own life. But he always said of his father, very proudly, "He was a gentleman."

He spoke far less of his mother, although it was Maude who'd given her oldest child and only son his first taste of fame. She'd drawn a picture of him when he was scarcely out of swaddling clothes, and sent it off to an ad agency. Snatched up by a baby-food company, "The Original Maude Humphrey Baby" became the most famous infant in the country.

Together with the name Humphrey, it was a tough thing for a kid to live down. Not a trouble-maker or an openly rebellious child, his form of fighting back was very quiet—and deadly. His parents—most especially his father—were eager for him to have a fine education, finishing up at Yale. But Humphrey wasn't interested. By simply doing nothing, he barely got through Trinity, a private Episcopal grammar school. But all the same, his father got him into Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. This time, he did flunk out. Never once, in all the letters between the headmaster and Dr. Bogart, were Humphrey's abilities questioned—but his effort was. He did nothing, he passed nothing, and it appeared as if Humphrey was rebelling against parents.

In later years, the only explanation Bogart would give about that period was a sharp, unhappy, "Oh, what the hell's the point of going into that for?" It would lead friends to believe he was not a very happy child.

Maude Bogart was the highest paid illustrator in the country, and she spent more time at the drawing board, or in bed nursing migraine headaches, than she did with Humphrey and his two younger sisters, Frances, who was always called Pat, and Kay. Maude was a stern woman, extremely conservative—"a tory queen" as one associate called her. Bogart would say of her later, "I can't say I loved my mother. I guess you could say I admired her."

His experience with his father—a right-wing Republican—was just a little different from his relationship with his mother. From the time he reached school age, at least, the good doctor was always there, trying to direct his son's life. Maybe he steered in the wrong direction, maybe Bogart would disappoint him, but he never gave up on his son. Not even when Humphrey sneaked off to join the Navy.

World War I was in full swing when Humphrey lied about his age to enlist. But psychologically, the experience seemed to do little except to disillusion him about war and dying. Physically, however, it was a landmark. He was wounded—the stories as to how vary—and the injury left him with a permanently benumbed lip and a lisp, both of which would become his trademarks.

Once out of the Navy, Dr. Bogart helped his son get a few jobs, all unsatisfactory. But it was Humphrey's boyhood friend and neighbor Bill Brady who helped him find his way. Bill's father was William Brady, Sr., a theatrical producer, and Billie's half-sister, Alice, was a famous actress. It was Alice who offered him his first job, as company manager and all-around understudy. He took it, and appeared almost immediately as a Japanese houseboy. He was reportedly dreadful, but by his third appearance, in *Swifty*, he did manage to attract the attention of Broadway's most famous critic, Alexander Woolcott, who "mercifully" described him as "inadequate." This public description, together with Humphrey's insistence on staying in theater, apparently set off a series of fights with Maude.

But Dr. Belmont disagreed both with Woolcott and Maude. To him, always, "the boy was good."

Despite all that's been said about Bogart's supposedly undistinguished Broadway career, and despite the many tennis-anyone parts he did play, "the boy" did become "good." Maybe he wasn't a full-fledged star, but to audiences, and more important, playwrights, directors and other actors, he was well-known as a more-than-decent actor. He looked a bit like Valentino, was a good juvenile romantic, and appeared regularly for some thirteen years. And Broadway was good to him in more ways than one. •

HIS KNOCK-DOWN-DRAG-OUT MARRIAGES

Rounds 1 and 2

Bogart married first wife, Broadway's Helen Menken, in 1926. One year—and at least one black eye later—it was finished. They fought about everything, said Bogie—like whether to feed the dog caviar or chopped meat!

Mary Philips, in coat, divorced Bogie after nine years. Her Broadway, his Hollywood, and Mayo Methot were too much strain.

It was in 1924, while doing a Broadway play called *Nerves*, that Bogie noticed a little actress named Mary Philips. The reason he noticed her, as it happened, was because, in her walk offstage, she managed to thoroughly *upstage* him. Furious, he bawled her out and told her never to do it again.

"Try and stop me," she said.

At that precise moment, Bogart became interested. But the play was soon to close, and Humphrey would become involved with another fighting leading lady.

This time the play was *Drifting*, the lady Helen Menken, and Humphrey was so furious he actually struck her. Just why isn't too clear—but she struck back. A year later, they were married.

The reason it took a whole year, say some sources, is because he really never wanted to marry her. But Helen was a leading lady of some stature, and his friend Bill Brady told him that if he didn't marry her, he'd be blackballed from every theater on the Great White Way.

The wedding took place on May 20, 1926. Helen's parents were deaf and dumb, and so was the minister who married them. It was a difficult marriage from the start, and would get steadily worse. A year later, after various and sundry bruises, at least one black eye, and lots of hollering, the couple were divorced.

That same year he met Mary Philips again. They'd already had their fight, and so, in 1928, on a day in late May—a time of year Bogart favored for all of his weddings—they were married. This time, things seemed to go better, with Humphrey and Mary both devoted to the stage, and scornful of those Hollywood stars in the silent films.

Two years later, the movies were no longer silent, and Hollywood was desperate for actors who could talk. What's more, Humphrey's brother-in-law, Stuart Rose, who'd married his sister Pat, was working for Fox, and he wanted Bogart out there. Not that it was easy. He'd already made a reputation for himself as a kind of silly-young-man dandy. But they did test him, hired him, and immediately cast him as—you know it—a silly-young-man dandy. He might just as well have gone back to the days on Broadway when he was emoting, "Tennis, anyone?" and he was miserable.

He hated his roles, felt he was only teaching the left-overs from the silent era how to speak, and most of all, he missed Mary. She was in a hit Broadway show and couldn't go with him. In his second movie, *Up the River*, he did meet a young actor named Spencer Tracy. But that was the only good thing that happened to him.

When he returned home, Mary told him she'd fallen in love with another man, actor Roland Young. Humphrey, an absolute prude within the confines of marriage, was heartbroken. But Mary, still also in love with Humphrey, apparently promised never to see Young again, and the marriage was resumed. But worse things were in store for him. It was one of the worst years of the Depression, 1934, and even Humphrey had a hard time finding jobs. Then his father died—in Humphrey's arms.

"It was only at that moment that I realized how much I loved him," Bogart would say later, "and needed him and that I'd never told him. Just before he died, I said, 'I love you, Father.'

"He heard me," Bogart would add desperately, "because he looked at me and smiled. Then he died. I was always sorry he couldn't live long enough to see me make some kind of success."

Ironically, success was not that far off. Humphrey started working regularly again. That same year, he appeared in a play called *Invitation to a Murder*, which didn't run long. But it did attract the attention of producer Arthur Hopkins, who was looking for an actor to play the part of a vicious murderer, Duke Mantee, in a brand-new play by Robert Sherwood, *The Petrified Forest*. The moment he heard Bogart's voice, he knew this was it.

Sherwood didn't agree. He knew Bogart's work, liked it, but not for Duke Mantee. But Hopkins persisted, and even got co-producer Gilbert Miller to help convince Sherwood.

If Sherwood had any doubts once Bogart was cast, he never would again after the first performance. He was sensational—even Alexander Woocott, his old nemisis, thought so. But best of all, so did his co-star, the already famous Leslie Howard. Leslie thought he was so good, in fact, he promised Humphrey that if the play was ever bought for a movie, Bogart would re-create Duke Mantee onscreen.

The play was bought for filming by Warner Brothers, and a joyous Bogart made ready for his triumphant return to Hollywood, this time with Mary along. It would be different this time, he would do good things, be a star! •

BATTLING BOGART

In 1938, Bogie married brawling Mayo Methot. Their fights would make Hollywood legend.

He fought his way to superstardom— and slugged it out with his 3rd wife

It was 1936, the year of Bogart's re-entry into Hollywood, and he hit town with a bang. Literally!

His gun-slinging Duke Mantee was as sensational on screen as it had been on stage—vicious like you never saw vicious—but with a weird sympathetic quality, a sex appeal that made audiences scream for more.

Warner Brothers already had the "heaviest of the heavies," Edward G. Robinson, under contract, as well as high-bouncing bad boy, Jimmy Cagney. That left Bogart with only the slimiest, most unlovable characters to play. They generally died horrible deaths—usually at the very hands of Cagney or Edward G.

"In my first thirty-four films," he later said, "I was shot in twelve, electrocuted or hanged in eight, and was a jailbird in nine. I was the

Little Lord Fauntleroy of the lot."

But if he didn't always like the films, Bogart loved the brand-new image. And he did all in his power to promote it. If folks believed his tough screen image was real and decided to lean on him, Bogie always leaned back. He didn't look for a fight—well, not always—but he was willing to fight back.

And the drinking suddenly became a constant, riotous celebration. Oh, he did exercise caution. "I only drink one ounce per hour," he told writer Richard Gehman. He'd read somewhere that more would damage his liver. But most important, the little boy who had rebelled so quietly, the "quiet young man" who'd first come to Hollywood in 1930, was quiet no longer.

Things weren't quite so jolly on the Bogart domestic front, however. Wife Mary Philips had been offered a lead in the Broadway production of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, and wanted to leave Hollywood for New York at once. Bogart begged her not to go, but Mary was a stage actress with nothing to do in Hollywood. She went, and Bogart was furious.

It was 1937, and he was making a movie called *Marked Woman*, with Bette Davis. But there was another actress in the cast, a lady who was fast making a reputation for herself that was almost as tough as Bogart's. She was two-fisted Mayo Methot, the fightingest lady Bogie had ever met. One thing about Bogart hadn't changed—his irresistible attraction to battling broads. It had to be love at first sight, and soon Mayo moved into Bogie's apartment at Hollywood's Garden of Allah.

And that's the way it was when Mary returned to Hollywood. She filed for divorce, and in 1938, Bogart and Mayo began a life unparalleled in the annals of matrimony.

On their honeymoon, at New York's Algonquin Hotel, they got into a huge brawl, and wrecked their room to the tune of $400. All of his life, long after Mayo was no longer part of it, he kept that bill framed and mounted for all to see. It was one of his proudest possessions, along with a James Thurber drawing of one of their better brawls.

Mayo did as much for Bogie's tough guy image as he did. In fact, there were lots of people who thought she was even tougher than he was. Their pitched battles made headlines everywhere—they were a public disgrace and menace—much to Bogart's unconcealed delight. He called her "Sluggy," for obvious reasons, and insisted that they just plain loved fighting. Soon friends would come to love the battles also. They'd call on the telephone just to hear the familiar, bloody sounds. They became the main event, Hollywood's favorite tourist attraction, and you just didn't leave California without seeing a Bogart-versus-Bogart exhibition.

Not all of their battles were fought in the public arena. And the private fracases often made the public ones seem pale by comparison. There was the time, for example, when even Bogart couldn't stand an-

Below: "Bad guy" Bogie settled into domestic life—practicing "stick-ups" on flowers, left—sailing on yacht Sluggy, named for wife Mayo whom he called "Sluggy" in honor of her devastating right.

Right: Bogie, wife "Sluggy," and dog also named "Sluggy," in moment of rare tranquility in front of their Hollywood home. Bogie had just completed "Casablanca"—Mayo had just tried suicide.

other blow or scream, and left the house. He drove to a restaurant, where the doorman stared at his back in horror. "Why, Mr. Bogart, you're bleeding!" he said. Mayo had stabbed him in the back.

But this was, by no means, the most spectacular of the brawls. There was that memorable day, for example, when Warner Brothers' publicity department received a frantic phone call from Bogie himself. Mayo, he said, was trying to shoot him. He'd locked himself in the bathroom, where luckily there was a phone. And Mayo was standing right outside the door, gun in hand. Seems Bogie had wanted to take a trip, all by himself, and she was in a rage. She'd send him on a trip all right, and all by himself, too.

Afraid of the publicity that might result from a call to the police, the department decided to send one of their sweetest-talking publicists instead. If anyone could charm Mayo out of the gun, this was the man.

Meanwhile, they told Bogie to keep the phone open so they could hear what was happening.

In horrified fascination, they could hear Bogart calling for his dogs. He was hoping, no doubt, that they'd overpower Mayo so he could get out of the bathroom at least. Unstartled by the familiar sounds of battle, the dogs never moved a muscle.

Then Bogie could be heard yelling and pleading with Mayo.

Mayo just laughed.

More yelling and pleading—more laughter.

Suddenly, there was a shot.

Silence.

Laughter again. Only this time, it was Bogie who was laughing. Seems Mayo, uncertain about hitting him through a closed door, had fired into his suitcase instead.

But Mayo still menaced outside the door.

Then suddenly, in the midst of everything, the startled listeners could hear the sounds of water splashing furiously. "I think he's taking a shower," one of them announced, with a very funny look on his face.

Finally, the publicist arrived, and did talk Mayo out of the gun. Bogie meanwhile, was taking, not a shower, but a bath, figuring he ought to leave this world as clean as he came into it.

Below: Bogart and Mayo intently studying the prize fights. Some said they went there just to pick up some pointers for themselves. Others insisted that they were more than capable of giving the boxers lessons

Right: Bogie as he appeared in "Casablanca." This was the beginning of his career as sex symbol as well as tough guy. He loved it, but not Mayo who could smell only destruction in the air for her marriage.

But through all of the battles and all of the booze, Bogie never failed to get to the studio at 6 a.m., in time for his day's shooting. He was a pro. And if Warner Brothers didn't realize how good he was, his ever-growing army of fans did. He was making millions for the studio, and in spite of their peculiar casting habits, he was even making some good movies.

But it was *High Sierra*, in 1941, that was the turning point in his career. Up until now, his co-stars always got top billing over him. Even in this movie, Ida Lupino was listed as top star.

In fact, Warner Brothers hadn't even wanted Bogie for the film. They'd offered it first to George Raft. But the character, an aging farm-boy turned vicious killer, had to die in the end, and George hated dying on screen. Paul Muni had

turned it down because Raft had been offered it first. And so on down the line, until they came to Bogie, who still wasn't big enough to turn anything down.

The film was superb, and Bogie was the best thing in it. The critics and the fans lost no time letting Warner Brothers know just how much they adored Bogart. The studio gave in. They admitted that maybe Bogart was star material. In his next film, they gave him top billing over everyone for the very first time. Unfortunately, along with the next few pictures, it wasn't very memorable.

Then Raft turned down another role—the part of detective Sam Spade, in a little film called *The Maltese Falcon*. With Bogie playing Sam, it was to become one of the best films of all time. It was also Bogart's first meeting with John Huston, who would become his favorite director, and Peter Lorre who would become one of his favorite human beings.

Then, one year later, came *Casablanca*. It was a movie that heralded some of the biggest changes in Bogart's life.

To begin with, wife Mayo was beginning to affect his professional life. Convinced he was in love with co-star Ingrid Bergman, she was always calling the set and threatening to kill Bogie. This time, everyone, including Bogart, believed her. Coupled with the conviction that the movie was a bomb, Bogie was really being hit where it hurt most this time.

Casablanca was, of course, not quite the bomb Bogie expected. It won him his first Academy Award nomination, and it did bring in Oscars for Best Picture and Best Director. It also touched off Mayo Methot's first suicide attempt.

She was taken to a psychiatrist who felt she was dangerous, both to herself and others, and was an alcoholic on top of it. A rest home, or some such institution, was prescribed. But Mayo refused, and Bogie didn't have the heart to force her into it.

Instead, Bogie, now king of the Warner lot, took her with him on a U.S.O. tour. World War II was in full swing, and they were going to entertain the troops in the Pacific.

Below: In end Mayo was right about her marriage. While Bogie was becoming even bigger sex symbol in "To Have and Have Not," with new girl Bacall, Mayo was preparing for this scene in divorce court.

Right: Sex symbol or not, this was the ultimate Bogie—the way we'd always remember the strangely honorable hard guy. But now he was entering a new phase of life, both personally and professionally

Their own battles made the war look a little insipid. But it was noted that some of the joy had gone out of those fights, and that a strange, undermining viciousness had taken its place.

Still, despite growing troubles, the Bogarts managed to hang in there for the next two years.

Then came the year 1944 and a movie called *To Have and Have Not*. There was a brand-new actress in it, an eighteen-year-old model from New York. Her name was Betty Perske, but she'd changed it to Lauren Bacall when the movie bug bit her. Bogie had seen her screen test. "I think we're going to have some fun making this movie together," he said.

And Mayo Methot—*always* convinced her husband was in love with another woman and *always* wrong—would suddenly be right. •

bogie & bacall

From forbidden courtship to immortal love story . . .

In two [illegible] To Have and Have Not" set below, B[illegible]d Bacall couldn't hid[illegible] from anyone—even d[illegible]a.

Somebody once asked Bogart if there was any part of his life he'd like to live over.

"The days when I was courting Betty," he answered promptly.

"Betty," of course, was Lauren Bacall, and the "courting" took place during the mornings, noons—and nights—they were filming *To Have and Have Not.*

Not that there weren't moments of torment mixed in with the joy. Lauren was 18 to his 45, and he was still married to Mayo Methot and hoping to make a go of it. He was afraid of what Mayo might do to herself and or him if he left her. Worse, he was afraid of what she might do to Lauren.

But neither Bogie nor Lauren seemed able to stop what was happening. Their obvious affection on the set was enough to activate all of the columnists in town. Their love scenes away from the cameras were enough to cause the studio to rewrite the script so emphasis could be placed on their relationship. "I don't want to break up my marriage," Bogie told a friend, "but I like her youth, her animal-like behavior, her don't-give-a-damn attitude." Meanwhile Lauren kept scribbling things like "Betty Bogart," "Betty Bacall Bogart," or "Betty B. Bogart" on every piece of scrap paper she could find. She was courting Bogie as hard as he was courting her, and there was nothing anyone—not even they—could do about it.

Their behavior became more and more open—in front of everyone but Mayo. And Bogie's pals began calling Lauren "the cast." It seems every time Bogie wanted to stay out at night with Lauren, someone would call Mayo and tell her he was "with the cast."

But except for fooling Mayo, nobody could ever say Bogie and Lauren were in any way subtle—or even discreet. One night, for example, Bogie took Lauren out on his yacht, "The Sluggy" (named for Mayo). He tied up at his posh yacht club, in full view of the fancy clientele. The next morning, Bogie came on deck, with Lauren in tow—again in full view of the customers. It was obvious that they'd spent the night together aboard the vessel. The membership and management of the club were in a fury. They wanted Bogie's resignation, and trooped off to bring back the top brass to ask for it.

Meanwhile, two friends of Bogie's, a married couple, sneaked aboard without anyone seeing them. They quickly got into pajamas, and appeared, yawning, just as the club brass came aboard. They convinced one and all that Bogie and Bacall had been properly chaperoned, and the resignation attempt was swiftly

After much soul-se[illegible]arching—and only [illegible] divorc[illegible] Mer[illegible] May 20, 1945. He wept through entire ceremony, but managed afterward to match Lauren's radiant smile with one of his own.

Bromfield's (extrem[illegible] where the knot had been joyously tied.

bogie & bacall

Two dearest things in Bogie's life—Lauren and the "Santana"—out on the high seas together. Actually, Bacall hated sailing, but her love for Bogie did get her out there.

Bogie was nuts for yacht "Santana" and model of same was placed before altar at his funeral

tabled.

Mayo must have heard the story, for shortly afterward she came aboard, looking for Bacall and Bogie. Bogie wasn't there but Lauren was. Dashing for the john, she hid there until Bogie returned. It was a half hour before he could wheedle Mayo off the boat.

Two weeks later, according to writer Joe Hyams, at a yacht club dinner, Bogie rose and proposed a toast to, "My fiancee – Betty Bacall—the future Mrs. Bogart." But he had still not told Mayo.

As soon as *To Have and Have Not* was finished, he did. He and Mayo boarded "The Sluggy" for a weekend of talk about a separation. At two a.m. the next morning he called a friend. "I've just left Mayo," he said. "Call Betty and tell her to pick me up on Highway 101."

Betty did. It was a scene that was to be repeated several times before the third Bogart marriage was over.

Meanwhile, Mayo was frantic. She wept, said she loved her husband and didn't want a divorce. And Bogie decided that he would try a reconciliation. "I'm going back home," he told reporters.

When he told Lauren, she wept. "But what could I do?" she said afterward.

The reconciliation might have worked if *To Have and Have Not* weren't such a huge success. But from the moment the picture was released, Lauren "the Look" and Bogie "the Menace" were a love team on screen if nowhere else. They were re-cast together immediately in *The Big Sleep*. And it was just too hard for them to see each other every day and not become involved again.

This time, Mayo cooperated. On May 11, 1945, she got a Mexican divorce, and even wished Bogie well. Six years later she died, the result, reportedly, of acute alcoholism.

On May 21, 1945, the courtship was over. Bogie wept through the entire wedding ceremony. "He always cries at weddings," said Bacall, and they settled down to a life of much love and—inevitably—lots of happy bickering. Bogie was crazy about his new yacht, *The Santana*. Lauren hated it. Bogie loved chess. Lauren hated it. Lauren loved staying up late at night. Bogie hated it. Lauren, pregnant with their first child, Stephen, wanted a bigger house in posh Holmby Hills. Bogie couldn't bear living among "those rich creeps." (Lauren, pointing out that Judy Garland lived there, too, finally talked Bogie into buying a house there, and he learned to love it.)

But all the same, as Bogie told writer Richard Gehman, "I was never happy till I met that one."

And they did share several things

Bogie's love for sailing, a passion inherited from his dad, never left him—not even in the swimming pool but that was all with Bacall. It kept her off the boat, and him [illegible]

bogie & bacall

Bacall helps Bogie plant immortal kiss on front of Grauman's Chinese.

Lauren sings while President Truman plays! Part of the Bogarts' campaign to have Democrat Truman elected

in common—politics, for example. Both were liberals who mostly supported Democrats. Bogie'd been an avid Roosevelt supporter, and afterward, they'd both done their best for piano-playing President Truman. Lauren, looking long, slinky and sexy, even draped herself across the piano while the President played.

Then, in 1947, the country was plagued with a Red scare. Convinced Hollywood was riddled with Communists who were using the movie media to spread their propaganda, Congress formed a committee to investigate the situation. And the brand-new House Committee on Un-American Activities began a ruthless probe of the film capital.

No area was left unscoured. But it was "The Hollywood Ten," a group of writers, who were really given the business. They refused to testify as to whether they were, or had ever been members of the Communist Party. The results, for most of them, was a jail sentence.

Bogie organized a group of 25 actors and citizens of Hollywood to go to Washington and protest the investigations.

As Bogie said afterward, "We went in there green and they beat our brains out." Some have suggested that t is was not Bogie's finest hour. Bogie didn't think so either. But he claimed that he never renounced his principles, as had been reported. And he would never forgive a man named Richard Milhaus Nixon for being part of that investigating committee.

All the same, in 1952, Bogie did think he would support the incredibly popular Republican, "Ike" Eisenhower, in his bid for the Presidency. But Lauren had become interested in the campaign of Ike's opponent, Adlai Stevenson. Bogie thought she was nuts, but he listened to Stevenson's speeches. And soon, he was working as ardently as Lauren for his election. They went along with him to make whistle stops and do whatever they could. The country was still in the midst of the Red Scare. Said Stevenson afterward, "Bogie never seemed to give a damn for what people said and thought. And it was quite perilous in those days to be a Democrat, especially one partisan to me."

Meanwhile, back in Holmby Hills, things were going better for Bogie than they ever had before. The Holmby Hills Rat Pack, the nucleus of which had been formed on that ill-fated Washington trip, were there to keep him drinking company every night. And as for the days, well, Lauren had presented him with two beautiful children—his son, Stephen, born in 1949, and daughter Leslie in 1952. But he was hardly ever home days. Since his marriage to Lauren, his career had become even bigger, and his movies more important. There was *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* in 1948, *Kez Largo* in 1948, and in 1951, at an age when most stars would be gracefully retiring or worrying about becoming has-beens, he made

Protest! Bogie and Bacall lead Hollywood contingent to Washington to fight House Un-American probe for Communists in Hollywood, in 1947. Along to protest were such notables as Richard Conte, June Havoc, John Huston and a host of luminaris.

Saga of Bogie and panda began when model Robin Roberts (left) found creature alone in night club where Bogie'd left him. She started taking panda home, when Bogie saw, made flying tackle to retrieve his property—and wound up in court (right). Was Bogie intoxicated at time of event, Judge wanted to know. "Isn't everybody drunk at three a.m.?" said Bogie. Right, said Judge, adding Bogie was only trying to protect property. And the case was closed.

bogie & bacall

Bogie was always politically involved, and in 1952, he and Lauren barn-stormed for Adlai Stevenson's Presidential campaign.

his greatest film, *The African Queen*. And he won his first Oscar. He'd be nominated for another in 1954, for *The Caine Mutiny*.

But with the filming of *The Harder They Fall*, in 1956, Bogart began to notice something different about himself. He was tired all the time, and his skin was so dry. Lauren convinced him, finally, that he ought to see a doctor. On March 4, 1956, he was in Good Samaritan Hospital, for major surgery. He had a malignant growth on his esophagus.

Although news reports were filled with all sorts of veiled secrecy about his illness, Bogie never denied he had cancer. "What the hell have they got against cancer?" he said, angry about the hush-hush tones used in connection with his "ailment." "It's a prefectly respectable disease—not like having a venereal disease."

But he never admitted—if he knew it—that he was going to die. He was losing weight, that was all, and he was going to beat this cancer thing.

Lauren and all who loved him went along with the fiction. Some members of the old Rat Pack couldn't bear to see him so obviously ill, and disappeared. But a new group—The Freeloaders—had formed. It hurt them, too, to see his growing frailness and his pain. But the fear of knowing they might never see him again kept them near his bedside. They would not let him sit and wait for death alone. And for the next year, they would meet daily and drink with him. Bogie would also keep himself busy railing at the "ghouls" and the "vampires"—the columnists and reporters who wrote obliquely about his illness and gave premature accounts of his death. His pet "ghoul" was Dorothy Kilgallen, who reported that he'd been suddenly rushed to Los Angeles Memorial Hospital, there to be mysteriously ministered to on the eighth floor. The thing that infuriated him was that there was no Los Angeles Memorial Hospital. And the eighth floor sounded like the psycho ward to him.

It was Saturday night, on January 12, and Bogie seemed at his lowest. According to Lauren, every night through his illness, he'd always said to her, before going to sleep, "Goodnight, kid." That night, he said, "Goodbye, kid." By the next afternoon, he was in a coma, and at two a.m., the morning of the 14th, he was dead.

It was incredible to all who'd known him that Bogie was dead. But perhaps it was even more incredible to his movie-going public. And in a sense, it was that public that kept him alive. Today, 14 years after his death, they watch his movies as though they were brand-new. And some of those watchers are scarcely old enough to remember him. But for them, Bogie lives. •

Bogart's amazed all with long-lived marriage. "I was never happy till I met this one," Bogie said.

The Petrified Parent

"Fatherhood came a little late in life to me," Humphrey Bogart once told a reporter. "I don't understand my children and I think they don't understand me, and all I can say is thank God for Betty."

Yet in the last days of his illness—when he refused to admit to nearly everyone that he might be dying—those same children made him break down in front of his long-time secretary and friend, Vera Bolvar. "My only regret," he told her, "is that I'm never going to see the little bastards grow up."

His children were his profoundest puzzlement and his greatest joy. He once believed kids were the thing he needed least in life. They would grow to be the thing he wanted most to live for.

He was 49 years old when Lauren told him she thought she might be pregnant. Excitedly, she told him she was going to the doctor's that day to find out.

Bogie, making no comment, left for the studio. When he returned, there was a radiant Lauren, waiting at the door, to tell him he was going to be a father. "What's new, Betty?" was all he said. Later that night, they had the worst fight of their marriage. Bogie never mentioned the coming baby, but Lauren knew that's what the fight was all about.

Bogie had never had a baby before, and he didn't want one now. As one of his friends would later put it, "He thought children destroyed the oneness of a man and woman."

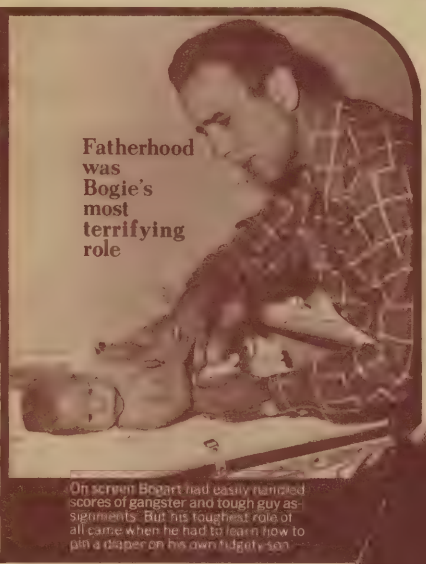
Yet on January 6, 1959, when Stephen was born, Bogie was so touched he wept. Only once after this would Lauren ever see Bogie cry—and that was the first time he saw his son in a classroom.

It was obvious from the start that Stephen had driven no wedge between Lauren and Bogie, that he had, in fact, brought them closer together than ever. But despite Bogie's attempts to be a good daddy—diapering the baby, taking Stephen with him to radio broadcasts and the studio—it was also obvious that the baby boy had his tough-guy father utterly paniced.

Only once, in those early days, did Bogart seem to at all understand his son. It was the first time he'd taken Steve to the studio. Apparently, little Steve was as tough-minded as father even then, and fights about who was going to do what—and when—were the order of the day. They came storming home. "Never again!" shouted Bogart. Stephen loudly seconded the motion. And while he was certainly angry, it was one of the few times Bogie was not scared of his son. Big Bogie and little Bogie had had a fight. This, Bogie could understand, and so, apparently, could little Steve.

But mostly it was panic that prevailed. Whenever Lauren was away, and Bogie had to be alone with

Family portrait (left) taken in 1954 shows Bogie and Betty with their two little ones, son Stephen and daughter Leslie. A 1949 snapshot (below) reveals a rather petrified poppa holding his brand-new offspring, Stephen.



Fatherhood was Bogie's most terrifying role

On screen Bogart had easily handled scores of gangster and tough guy assignments. But his toughest role of all came when he had to learn how to pin a diaper on his own fuzzy-top son.

Right, Lauren and Stephen pay a surprise visit to daddy on the film set of "Sirocco." It was little Steve's first trip to the studio and—amazingly enough—he behaved like a perfect gentleman. Below left, the Bogarts at home in 1951 with Harvey, the family mascot, joining in the happy gathering. Below right, a 1955 portrait of Stephen with his beautiful mom. Note how striking the resemblance is between mom and son in this childhood pic.

Stephen for any length of time, he'd immediately call a pal—preferably one with kids of his own—to come and help out. If Steve wanted to play a game or hear a story, Bogie, who knew nothing about such activities, would volunteer "Uncle Joe" or "Peter" or "Mack's" services. But Steve always insisted, "I want *you*."

So Bogie, with much prompting from the second team he'd called in, would proceed with the game or the story himself. What invariably happened was that both Steve and Bogie would fall asleep, leaving the auxilliary troops wide-awake, stranded and very confused.

The fact that Steve always preferred Bogie to all other men, no matter how experienced or amusing they were with kids, did nothing to alleviate his father's fears. Bogie just plain didn't know what to do with him when they were alone, he admitted. "But I love him," he always added fervently. "I hope he knows that."

When Lauren asked Bogie if he wanted another child, this time he didn't balk at all. "If you guarantee another one like Stephen," he answered.

On August 23, 1952, little Leslie Howard was born, and this time Bogie could relax a little. Maybe he didn't understand her any better than he'd understood Stephen, but she was a female. And Bogie had learned long ago that he wasn't alone in not understanding females. Indeed, he'd come to the conclusion that maybe they weren't exactly meant to be understood—but simply to be loved. And he certainly loved his baby daughter Leslie.

Meanwhile, the kids were turning out to be chips off the old block, whether the old block understood them or not. Stephen insisted on calling everyone "Blubber Head," or better yet, "Mr. Dog Do In The Pants." And when the late Edward R. Murrow wanted to do a *Person to Person* TV show with them, both grownup Bogarts paniced. *Person to Person*, you will remember, was the TV show which came right into the star's home, visiting with the family, and allowing them all to speak freely and without script. The Bogarts had visions of Stephen speaking very freely, and calling Mr. Murrow any number of his pet names. But it was Leslie who stole the show. Bogie, by then, was losing a little hair up front, and wore a toupee for his appearance. Leslie had never seen her father wearing a hair piece before, and insisted on pointing out daddy's "hair hat" to the nation.

Ironically, it was probably during his bout with cancer that Bogie came to know his kids best. After his surgery, he was home a great deal of the time, and so were they. The relationship turned into a delightful, if peculiarly Bogartian kind of domestic comedy.

Once during those last days, writer Richard Gehman was visiting Bogie. They were discussing politics, when suddenly, from the kitchen, came, as Gehman put it, "a series of startling sounds. First a loud scream, then a slap, than loud

After Bogie's death, Lauren had to be both mom and dad to Steve and Leslie. They went with her wherever her film commitments forced her to travel.

Stephen Bogart's wedding to Dale Irene Gemelli (left) was a joyous event. Mom Lauren Bacall attended the ceremony with sister Leslie and half-brother Sam.

laughter, then another slap, then more loud laughter."

"They're at it again," explained Bogart. "Excuse me—I got to belt somebody." Pulling his bathrobe together, Bogie headed for the kitchen.

"All right," Gehman could hear him saying, "what's going on here?"

"He . . . was shooting me with rubber bands," whimpered Leslie.

"Is that true?" demanded Bogie of his son.

"Aw, I wasn't shooting her much," Stephen protested.

"You were, too," Leslie insisted.

"I was not," screamed Stephen.

"Now, wait a minute you two," Bogie interrupted. "Steve, you shut up. I don't want to have to rap you. Listen, you got no right shooting your sister with rubber bands. She's littler than you, and besides, she's female. They cause us a lot of trouble, but we got to endure it. They're not as strong as we are."

"She was teasing me," Stephen said, weeping by now, "and she was teasing Jim (a pet white mouse his father has given him)."

"I don't care what she was doing to you or Jim, you're wrong." Then Bogie's voice mellowed. "Come on now, be a good boy. Be a gentleman. It sounds like a rat fight in here."

There was no "rap," no "belt," and Bogie probably had no intention of ever delivering one. But the thing that amazed and amused Gehman was the way Bogie had conducted a cease-fire with his kids. The dialogue, the manner had been pure "onscreen" Bogie—except for the loving end, of course.

Stephen was only eight, and inconsolable, when his father died. Leslie was not yet five, and could scarcely understand why she'd never see him again. They'd had just enough time to learn to love him—and not much else—before he was gone. And yet, they belong to a generation to whom Bogie has become the apex of all heroes. The self-reliance, the outspoken toughness, together with the strange glimmer of pure mush that surrounded it all, has made him an example to people who weren't old enough to go to the movies when he died. Like the rest of their generation, Stephen and Leslie have also learned from Bogie the Legend. Together with the experience, however brief, of living close to the man who was Bogart, the Father, they have, indeed, learned much. And Bogie would have been very proud of the way "the little bastards" have grown up.

It's been said, by psychiatrists, among others, that the greatest tribute a son can pay his father is to marry and become a father himself. On October 6, 1970, Stephen Bogart married and today, at 22, he is a father.

Leslie is 19, the same age Lauren was when Bogie first set eyes on her. She is a lovely girl—with the same long legs, the same cat-like leanness, the unique and mysterious beauty that epitomized her mother, so Bogie would have adored her. She's got all of the strength and the class that made him fall in love with his beloved Betty. ●

In January 1957 Lauren and the children leave All Saints Episcopal Church following funeral rites for Bogart. Stephen was 8 and Leslie was 4 then.

Astrologer solves mystery of Bogie's birth date

The Big Birthday Hoax

Contrary to legend, Lauren Bacall and Bogie himself, he was not born on Christmas day

Humphrey Bogart and Warner Brothers together perpetrated a nice little hoax on the moviegoing public, who would have adored Bogart anyway—without the publicity flim-flam. The hoax was in trying to sell the idea that poor little Humphrey never had a birthday of his own, having been born on Christmas day 1900. The publicity releases that were issued at the time Bogart began to reign as top tough man of the screen said, "As a boy, he insisted on having birthday presents as well as Christmas presents."

He didn't have to insist. He was really born on January 23, 1899. *Current Biography*, an authoritative record of celebrity statistics, gives his birthday as January 23, and furthermore a look at an astrological chart drawn up for that date presents a perfect picture of the real Bogart.

Lauren Bacall helped give credence to the "Christmas Legend" by affirming the December 25th birth date. But in discussing her late husband, she always insisted on referring to his off-screen "purity." By this she meant integrity, an insistence on doing things his own way, because his way was the *right* way. That's pure Aquarius, the sun sign into which the January 23 date would put him. He had Jupiter in Scorpio in the midheaven which, translated, means that he was slated for prominence, and never really let it go to his head—he just took it for granted. That, too, is his famous "purity of thought." It would also mark the type of role in which he made his movie mark: tough, withdrawn, always a bit mysterious, but magnetically compelling. Bogart was one actor who really was pretty much the same off-screen as on.

He was born to prominent New York parents, Dr. Belmont DeForest and Maude Humphrey Bogart DeForest. He was sent to fashionable Trinity in New York and Andover Academy in Massachussetts, where his father had made a name for himself in sports. He inherited qualities of both parents; he loved golf and sailing, and carved exquisite chessmen out of ivory—his mother had been an artist. With three planets in Sagittarius, he would naturally be attracted to sports, and with two in Gemini, he would be clever and agile with his hands. Venus in Sagittarius would certainly account for his multiplicity of marriages: Helen Mencken, Mary Phillips, Mayo Methot, and lastly—and lastingly—Lauren Bacall. He was a hard man to hold down, and Bacall was wise enough to give him all the rope he needed.

He was every inch a professional; the same Mercury in Capricorn that made him a hardheaded business man also made him amenable to direction, with no need to display temperament to hold his position as a "star." He was openhanded, knowing full well that there was always more success where his first triumphs came from. His quirks—like carrying huge stuffed teddy bears into swank New York nighteries, starting fights and getting barred from public places—weren't an act. He was completely an individualist with some rather offbeat ideas as to what did and didn't make good relations with the world. It's no wonder he appeals so much to the current generation, with their desperate groping for some kind of identity.

He had a great deal of internal conflict, which he kept to himself. The toughness wasn't so much a real toughness as a necessity to fight against compromise. He was what he was. He would have found it impossible to compromise, for any amount of money or fame. It may account for his slow start in his career, but it also accounts for the solidity of his success, once he achieved it. First and last, he was an Aquarius, with the detached idealism of that sign, the disillusionment with a world that sometimes doesn't live up to those ideals, and yet the driving necessity to still impose those ideals on others. It's no wonder that, so many years after his death, his imprint is still alive. •

This sketch of Bogart was drawn by his mother shortly before her death, from a photograph taken when he was a youth. Maude Humphrey Bogart was a noted artist.

Bogie became a star playing the roles these guys turned down

"I was trying to get a reputation when I was younger, on the stage, and I asked an old experienced actor how I could do it," Humphrey Bogart once mused. "Holbrook Blinn. I'll never forget him. 'Just keep working,' he said. 'If you keep working and people keep seeing you, people are going to begin to think you must be pretty good."

And early in his career, Bogie did just that—took every picture that was thrown at him. Bogie was low man in Warner Brothers stable of gangsters. Everybody—Edward G. Robinson, Cagney, Paul Muni, George Raft—came before he did. And if one of them turned down a film, it was offered to all the others in turn, until it hit the bottom—Bogie. And he might bitch, kick and carry on, but—on Holbrook Blinn's theory—Bogie would still do it. Sometimes the picture was the dull thud everyone expected. But on two occasions, Bogie would not only turn those duds into fantastic triumphs—those parts they'd all turned down would actually make him a star. There was the time, for example, when Warners had a script about an aging, vicious killer, with a strange tender streak, who had to die in the end because he'd managed to kill six people before the picture was over. The part was offered first to George Raft. No death scenes for him, insisted George, turning the picture down cold. Then it was offered to Edward G. No. Raft reject for him, he insisted. Cagney didn't want a picture Edward G. had turned down, and Muni felt the same way about Cagney. There was only one man left—Bogie. He took it—and *High Sierra* was seen by a lot of people who did, indeed, think Bogie was a pretty good actor. It was, of course, *the* turning point in his career—the movie that made him a top-billed star. But he still wasn't the man they offered their good scripts to first. When *The Maltese Falcon* came around, it seems incredible now to think that the Warner Brothers didn't think Bogie was just their boy. But it seemed to them Raft—still steps above Bogie in the bad-guy bull pen—was the man to do it. Well, Raft didn't want it. The story had been tried before, and still had the stench of failure on it as far as he was concerned. As a matter of fact, the entire studio thought maybe George was right. So they gave it to the actor who, as he himself put it, "always falls down and kicks and screams about every part somebody like Jack Warner or Harry Cohn gives me to play" but "who then stands up and plays the goddamn part right after that." He was following old Holbrook Blinn's advice again when he picked up Raft's left-over. But this was the left-over that really made it! This was the movie that would establish him eternally—even if he never did anything else as a star. From now on, the pick of the scripts were his. He didn't have to take on anybody else's left-overs. Not that he wouldn't and not that he didn't. After all, he had become famous on the parts they'd all turned down. •

Joan Leslie appeared with Bogart in "High Sierra," one of his best.

Bogart and the Great Ladies

His trials and tribulations with Bette Davis, Ingrid Bergman, and other "broads"

Lupino recreated "High Sierra" roles on radio.

Bogart and Bette began a screen collaboration in "Bad Sister."

Ingrid Bergman co-starred with our hero in "Casablanca," made in 1943.

There were two qualities Humphrey Bogart always seemed to look for in a leading lady—talent and a woman who could fight back. They were the same qualities he seemed to be constantly seeking in a wife as well, and it's no small coincidence that all four of his wives were, at one time or another, his leading ladies. But as with his marriages, should one little thing go really wrong, it was pure hell for the lady. Bogie showed no mercy on the set, complaining—loudly and publicly—that his female co-stars were making him more miserable.

For example, take one of his earliest leading ladies, Ida Lupino. They made two films together, *They Drive By Night* and *High Sierra*. He gave her such a hard time in the latter—there was such battling and carrying on—that there would never be a third. Miss Lupino refused to appear in *Out of the Fog* if Bogie were cast in it.

With some co-stars, however, life-long friendships—even marriages—were the result. Bacall, of course, was the most famous and favorite of the Bogie "broads"—onscreen and off. From the days he began courting her in *To Have and Have Not*, their names would always be associated as a team in movies as well as real life. But actually, they only made four films together. The actress who claims the honor, among her other distinctions, of appearing in more movies with him than any other woman, is that distaff legend of the silver screen—Bette Davis.

Bette and Bogie made seven films together, most of them in the thirties. *Bad Sister* was their first co-project, and it was a first for each in many ways. It was Bogie's first bad-guy role, Bette's first movie. But by the middle of the decade, she'd won an Oscar for *Dangerous* and was a genuine star. She was way out of Bogie's class in the top-billing department. But no matter how small a supporting role he might play to her lead—mostly a threatening hoodlum or similar slime—he never stopped giving her helpful hints about character interpretation. The acting tips weren't exactly adored by Bette, say witnesses, and may be the reason that—aside from *The Petrified Forest*—Hollywood's

number-one lady and number-one man never really made big movie history together.

Not that Bogie gave all his feminine co-stars a bad time. His old friend and co-star in the now-classic *Maltese Falcon*, Mary Astor, speaks only glowingly of the experience. Next to Bacall, and then Hepburn, who certainly had enough talent and fight in her for ten women, Bogie liked Mary best. In her autobiography, Miss Astor speaks glowingly of the comaraderie among that cast who became affectionately known as "The Gang." The group included Bogie, Sydney Greenstreet, Peter Lorre and, the man who would make it all possible, director John Huston. John, she said, "had the picture so well organized that things got done in a miraculously short time. And we had fun—zany, lighthearted fun. We were an unusually 'close' company. Players usually like to get away from each other at lunch time, but we would all go together across to the Lakeside Golf Club, where a big table was set on the patio for us. The normally frowned-on preluncheon drink was a must. We often took an hour and a half and still we stayed ahead of schedule. I remember one scene near the end of the picture, very complicated technically. It ran about six minutes—and six minutes of script is an average good day's work. We rehearsed the scene before going home one evening, and all the camera moves were carefully plotted. The next morning we shot it in one take and went swimming at Lakeside the rest of the day." Astor and Bogart appeared in only one other film together—*Across The Pacific*.

The co-star in his next "classic"—*Casablanca*—was Ingrid Bergman. The beautiful Swede and the battered Bogie did not give each other a bad time. They didn't have to. First of all, both were united in the conviction they were working on a flop. Secondly, Bogie's wife at the time, Mayo Methot, was doing enough fighting for everyone! Insanely jealous of Bergman, and convinced Bogie was in love with the beautiful star, battling Mayo phoned the set constantly—threatening to kill her husband if he left her. Worried about the seriousness of intentions, Bogie's agents took out a $100,000 policy on him, insuring their firm against the financial catastrophe his death would cause.

Casablanca was, of course, a smash, much to the delight of its co-stars. But Bogie and Bergman never made another film together.

During his long, 75-picture career, Bogie did, indeed, play opposite a dizzying array of ladies. Such unlikely types as Claire Luce, Elissa Landi, Kay Francis, Priscilla Lane, Penny Singleton, Miriam Hopkins, Michele Morgan, Ethel Barrymore, June Allyson, Jennifer Jones, Martha Scott and Gene Tierney only made up part of the list—the less favorite part. It was the "broads"—the tough-talkers with the big hearts—that he loved best.

Joan Blondell, Ann Sheridan, Barbara Stanwyck, Alexis Smith, Gloria Graham—now those were dames. Lizbeth Scott, "the poor man's Lauren Bacall," fell into a different category. Like Lauren, she was "tough" with class, a refinement Bogie liked.

But outside of the indestructible Hepburn, Bogie never really liked all that high-bred, delicate lady-of-quality stuff. Especially when it wasn't backed up by Bogart's incredibly high professional standards.

In 1954, after *Sabrina* was finally in the can, for example, he said of Audrey Hepburn, "She's all right, if you don't mind a dozen takes."

And the lady he seemed to dislike most was Ava Gardner—the self-acknowledged "broad" you'd think he'd like the best!

When he arrived in Rome to start shooting with her on *The Barefoot Contessa*, he told a publicity agent, "I know there's not much interest in my puss. I've been around long enough. We'll do a few stunts just to keep my name in the papers. I like publicity. It's good for an actor. But let's face it, all the interest is going to be in Ava Gardner. She's the news, not me."

But it was not Ava, publicity headliner, who caused any trouble. It was Ava, the actress. He didn't like her and didn't make any attempt to conceal it on the set. He complained that as an actress she gave him nothing to work with. Consequently, when he felt a scene between them was less than even mediocre, he would deliberately muff his lines in order to get a retake. His judgment was usually correct, and it is these Bogie-concocted retakes that deserve some of the credit that Ava received for her performance.

Whether or not he liked the dame off-screen, whether or not her name was Bacall or Hepburn or Lupino, Bogie's attitude to the opposite sex rarely varied onscreen. Whether he was trying to save the heroine or kill her, he would inevitably tell the broad that he was crazy about her. He may have been an agony to work with, but he definitely had charm. ●

One leading lady Bogie apparently did not hit it off with was Ava Gardner, with whom he made "The Barefoot Contessa" in 1954.

The "great perfectionist" had few kind words to say about Audrey Hepburn, his co-star in "Sabrina" (also a 1954 film).

Bogie and his pals...

Spencer Tracy named him, Leslie Howard saved his career, and the Holmby Hills Rat Pack were his drinking buddies

Bogie and Leslie Howard became friends when they appeared in "Petrified Forest" together. Howard helped him get the part and keep it.

Judy Garland and her then-husband, Sid Luft, were executive officers of the Holmby Hills Rat Pack during the early fifties.

A reporter once asked Humphrey Bogart who he thought was the best American actor. "Well, I'm number one," he replied half-seriously, "and Spencer Tracy is number two."

A few days later the reporter asked Tracy the same question. "I'm number one," he retorted gruffly. "Bogart is number two."

It was jokes like this which personified the Tracy-Bogart friendship—a rough, boyish camaraderie that began in 1928 and endured for thirty solid years. Tracy was the kind of man who cultivated his independence and detachment, and aside from Pat O'Brien, Bogie was one of the few close friends Tracy ever had. Certainly there was reason for their companionship. They were both exasperating perfectionists in their screen work and just as famous for their barroom escapades off the set. And in an age of Hollywood "pretty boys," their manners, as well as their unconventional mugs, made them both stand out as real men. Except for their actual ancestry, they might easily have been mistaken for brothers.

In 1957, it was Tracy and Katharine Hepburn who were the most

Bogie met Spencer Tracy when they made "Up The River" in 1930. They never co-starred again but remained pals until the end.

frequent visitors to the Bogart house during the actor's final battle with cancer. According to Lauren Bacall, Katie and Spencer were frequent visitors at her husband's bedside all through his long and painful illness, right up until the evening before he died. Except for members of the immediate family, they were the last two people to see the actor alive.

"As we were leaving that last night," Katharine Hepburn later recalled, "Spencer leaned forward and put his hand on Bogie's shoulder. Bogie looked up at him, smiling almost, and said, 'Goodbye, Spence,' and you could tell he meant it.

"When we were downstairs, Spencer looked at me and said, 'Bogie knows he's going to die.' "

In a way, many years before, it was Spencer Tracy who had been responsible for the start of the "Bogie" cult. He was the man who coined that infamous nickname which stuck like solid gold cement. In 1930 Bogart co-starred in Tracy's first film, *Up The River*, a Fox gangster epic based on the Auburn prison riots. He and Tracy were both cast as convicts, a screen occupation which was destined to become our hero's personal trademark (and cross to bear). Early in the four-week filming schedule (that's how long it took to shoot a 90-minute flick back in those days), Tracy started calling his young co-star "Bogie." Precisely why is still a Hollywood mystery; perhaps Tracy's crusty Irish nature found the name Humphrey Bogart too much of a mouthful to grapple with.

Ironically enough, *Up The River*, a grade-B "programmer" made before either of the two men achieved real stardom, was the only movie bill Bogie ever shared with his good friend Spencer. Many years later, Tracy toyed with the idea of appearing in a Bogart suspense film called *Desperate Hours*, but a conflict over which man's name would head the credits led to a stalemate and Tracy withdrew from the project. He was replaced by another screen veteran, Fredric March. In spite of the billing dispute, Bogie and the man who had christened him remained fast friends—but sometimes business and even the most faithful friendships just don't mix.

One friendship which did extend right onto the studio set was Duke Mantee's association with British actor Leslie Howard. It was Howard, usually not the most approachable superstar, who became Bogart's first movie mentor and was largely responsible for his early success.

In 1935, with some film credits behind him, but hardly a box-office legend, Bogart wearily decided to return to the stage. He auditioned on Broadway for the part of Killer Mantee in a brand-new production called *The Petrified Forest*. Robert E. Sherwood, the play's author, was not very impressed by his audition performance and was on the verge of handing the young actor a polite, but definite rejection. But Leslie Howard, who was already signed for the starring role, reportedly told the author, the director, the backers, anyone in fact who would listen—"That's the man! I want him, and I'll work with him on the part!"

At the time, Leslie Howard was the dramatic toast of two continents, and his word alone carried enough weight to get Humphrey Bogart a Broadway contract. *The Petrified Forest* gave Bogie his long-awaited chance to prove he had real acting ability. It looked as if the role of Duke Mantee would be the turning point of his so-far uneventful career.

But not before Bogart got turned down for the film version of the play. He traveled all the way back to Hollywood, only to discover that Warner Brothers had already signed Edward G. Robinson for his part. Disgusted, but furious, he cabled his friend Leslie Howard who was vacationing in Scotland at the time. The next day Warner Brothers received an urgent telegram from Howard—either Humphrey Bogart would repeat his highly-acclaimed Broadway role on screen or Leslie Howard himself would withdraw from the film.

Warner Brothers had no intention of risking the services of one of their top stars, so Howard's ultimatum was heeded. After fifteen screen tests, Robinson was scratched out and Bogie was scratched in. Because of Leslie Howard's benevolent intervention, he was able to portray what became one of his most memorable screen roles. It was a debt which he never forgot.

"If it hadn't been for Leslie Howard," Bogart used to say, "I might still be making up in New York dressing rooms. It's not for nothing my daughter was named Leslie."

By the dawn of the 1950's, Humphrey Bogart was established Hollywood royalty, and like any conquering potentate he began to gather his own court around him. Every afternoon at 12:30 P.M. sharp, he and wife Lauren would arrive for lunch and gossip at Mike Romanoff's posh restaurant in Beverly Hills. Betty and Bogie always occupied the second booth on the left, where they could keep track of all the newsworthy arrivals and departures, surrounded by their own loyal group of elite cocktail companions. That legendary "round table" included director John Huston, humorist Nathaniel Benchley, songwriter Jimmy Van Heusen, David Niven, Frank Sinatra, Judy Garland and her then-husband Sid Luft.

One day Betty Bacall, so the legend goes, looked around at the whole mischievous, chattering entourage and impishly wise-cracked: "I see the rat pack is all here."

And, so, on the whim of a moment, one of the most flamboyant footnotes in Hollywood history was born—Humphrey Bogart and his Holmby Hills Rat Pack.

After Betty's accidental dubbing of the Romanoff restaurant gang, Bogie (who was never one to miss out on the publicity potential of even the slimmest practical joke) decided to publish a formal announcement of the founding of the Rat Pack. The following day writer Joe Hyams carried the news in his column in *The New York Herald Tribune*:

"The Holmby Hills Rat Pack held its first annual meeting last night at Romanoff's restaurant in Beverly Hills and elected officers for the coming year. Named to executive positions were: Frank Sinatra, pack master; Judy Garland, first vice-president; Lauren Bacall, den mother; Sid Luft, cage master; Humphrey Bogart, rat in charge of public relations . . .

"Membership is open to free-minded, successful individuals who don't care what anyone thinks about them. . . . A motion concerning the admittance of Claudette Colbert was tabled at the insistence of Miss Bacall who said that Miss Colbert 'is a nice person, but not a rat.' "

After Bogart's death, the Rat Pack gradually disintegrated, although for a while Frank Sinatra branched off from the main group to form his own cub battalion. That second pack included a whole new generation of celebrities like Sammy Davis, Shirley MacLaine, Peter Lawford and Joey Bishop. But it never attained quite the same daredevil brilliance of the original Bogart court, and eventually it fizzled out too.

When it came to the dynamics of group lunacy, Humphrey Bogart was never equalled. He was the uncontested master of the art. ●

1 After Bogie's death, Lauren Bacall and Frank S[illegible] became a brief item. Frank also formed his own [illegible]

2 During a filming break, Bogie always had a group around him. Here director Raoul Walsh shows him, Jeffrey Lynn, a script girl and a crewman how to roll cigarettes on the set of The Roaring Twenties.

3 The Chief Rat and his restaurant gang. Left to right: press agent Jack Diamond, producer Mark Hellinger, Betty, Bogie and Hellinger's wife.

4 "Prince Mike" Romanoff, the owner of the famous Beverly Hills restaurant where the Pack held court.

partners in crime

From the time they met, in 1941, Bogie and Peter became an important

Classiest bad guys in pix con Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Three Strangers"—not a Bogie flick.

Those delightful double-crossers— Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet

Greenstreet usually stole art objects in films. In real life he bought them himself—and honestly!

Sydney's taste was as impeccable offscreen as on. His Chinese art collection was absolutely exquisite.

They shared his first major movie triumph and were very much on hand for the second. And if *The Maltese Falcon* and *Casablanca* are perfect, flawless films, as critics claim, Peter Lorre and Sidney Greenstreet played no small role in their perfection. On screen, they were Bogie's greatest—most beloved—antagonists. Off screen, they became his great—and beloved—pals. It was Peter, in fact, who played a tremendous role in Bogie's personal life. He'd become very close to Bogart during his marriage to Mayo Methot, and Peter adored the battling broad. Then Bogie fell in love with 19-year-old Lauren Bacall, and suffered the greatest conflict of his life. He was too old, they wouldn't have much time together in this life if it did last, go back to Mayo. That was the advice of most friends, and an uncertain, but agonized, Bogie agreed—until speaking to friend Peter. "Five good years is better than none," he said. Such was their friendship that Bogie listened, and began the last happiest years of his life. Bogie loved the crazy combination of class and larceny that was Sidney Greenstreet no less. His early background told him that Sidney wasn't just acting out the class thing—he was the genuine article—"a gentleman." And that was the best thing Bogart could say about anyone. He made four movies with Greenstreet, six with Lorre and got an awful lot of mileage from both in friendship. •

"If I ever catch the thieving son of a [illegible] eraman who took this shot, I'll [illegible] larcenous heart out," said Bogie about this pic of him taking an African snooze. Right, the Bogarts and Kate Hepburn return home from their film stay in the Congo.

Katie, Oscar and *The African Queen*

Damn Hepburn! Damn her, she's so cheerful! She's got ants in her pants, mildew in her shoes, and she's still cheerful. I build a solid wall of whiskey between me and the bugs. She doesn't drink, and she breezes through it all as though it was a weekend in Connecticut."

It was a weekend in darkest Africa, as a matter of fact, where Bogie was making the most incredible film of his career—and with the most unlikely leading lady he'd ever been cast opposite—Katharine Hepburn.

Bogie and Hepburn? The world's champion tough guy and filmdom's classiest lady? It seemed impossible—and that's just what the press said when it was announced that Bogie and Katie would co-star in *The African Queen*, to be filmed in the mysterious Congo no less. How could the well-bred Miss Hepburn and the rough, swearing Bogart ever communicate about *anything?*

Well, not only did they communicate, and like it, they made a great film! Hepburn gave one of her best performances—Bogie his very best. And what if there were a few minor conflicts, some speeches on the evil of too much drink, a little criticism here and there? After all, Bogie and Hepburn did have one thing in common—they were both very honest and outspoken—and apparently they loved these qualities in each other.

From the moment director John Huston and author-critic James Agee began working on the script—taken from C. S. Forester's 1935 novel of the same name—they knew who they wanted to play Charlie Allnut, the gin-swilling pilot of the broken down riverboat, "The African Queen." Bogie was signed, but there still remained the question of who would play the proper, old-maidish Rose Sayer—the lady forced to take a perilous river journey with him—and who imposes her prissy iron will all the way.

Bogie later said that it was he who put Huston on to Hepburn. As unlikely as it seemed, he'd known her for years through his dear friend Spencer Tracy. And who else but Katharine combines that air of frag-

ile femininity with a will of pure cast iron?

She was just finishing her highly successful stage production of "As You Like It," when Huston approached. He explained immediately that the film would not be easy. They were going to film on location, in Africa, under the most primitive of conditions. And then there was the business of deferred payments, which means working for nothing until the money from the film comes rolling in, if ever.

Kate, who never could resist a good challenge, especially when coupled with a good role, said yes. She did insist, however, that producer Sam Speigel keep his word and pay all hotel bills. "I don't mind doing the film for nothing," she said, "but I don't intend to pay money for the privilege."

And so in 1950, the director and stars, accompanied by Lauren Bacall and 34 British technicians, departed for two months of location shooting in some of the most inaccessible spots in the Belgian Congo and Uganda. They received additional aid from Banyaro tribesmen, who doubled as helpers and film extras.

But there was trouble from the start. Everybody soon succumbed to dysentery—except Bogie and Bacall. They avoided drinking any water—and Bogie even brushed his teeth with scotch.

Bogie would take his mid-day siesta on a hammock strung upon a raft in the river. He boasted that if a mosquito bit him, it either rolled over dead or drunk. As Huston would reveal, "all of us were ill in one way or another, but not Bogie. His strength was in scotch.

One day, the old "African Queen" herself sprung a leak and settled quickly to the bottom of the river, deep in the middle of the forsaken jungle. While the crew struggled five hard days to raise it, the English engineer, who had kept the temperamental boiler perking, left in disgust.

"John was delighted," Bogie remembered. "He had a real crisis. My only crisis was the time the party ran out of scotch for two days."

When filming commenced, Kate declared Bogie a profligate (a dissolute person, living in vice). She lectured both him and Huston on the evils of alcohol, without which neither could endure life on Ruiki River. When she had finished one of her major sermons, Bogie said, "Fine, fine, Katie. Now get yourself a chair, pull one up for me, and fix the drinks."

And she did!

As life on the river became more rugged, Bogie griped and griped. But he worked unceasingly.

"What exasperated him most," Houston said, "was Katie Hepburn's calm acceptance of the heat and the damp and the stinks and the crawling life of the jungle."

And he lost no time complaining about Kate's "damn cheerfulness," to anyone who'd listen—including Miss Hepburn herself.

One unforgettable and very late night, the campsite was attacked by giant, man-eating soldier ants. Bogie, with drink in hand, cheered on the crew who were burning oil and yelling, trying to divert the oncoming column. Kate, not quite understanding the situation, came out on her bungalow balcony and gave it to Bogie good for staging a drunken brawl in the middle of the night.

"Bogie was wonderful," Huston remembered. "With simple dignity he explained to her 'Katie, old girl. Ants.' " They changed their location, but a few weeks later Kate fell ill, along with most of the technical crew. So after weeks of fighting sun, heat, wildlife and illness, the intrepid group was forced to retreat to London to complete filming.

When the film was finished, Bogie affectionately talked about his co-star.

"She talks a blue streak," he said with that evil, impish grin. "We listened for the first couple of days when she hit Africa, and then began asking ourselves, 'How affected can you be in the middle of Africa?' She used to say that everything was 'divine.' The goddamn stinking natives were 'divine.' 'Oh, what a *divine* native!' she'd say. 'Oh, what a *divine* pile of manure!' You had to ask yourself, 'Is this really the dame, or is this something left over from *Woman of the Year?*'

"She does pretty much as she goddamn pleases," he added, half in puzzlement, half in grudging admiration. "She came in lugging a full-length mirror and flock of toothbrushes. She brushed her teeth all the time and she habitually takes four or five baths a day. She talks at you as though you were a microphone. I guess she was nervous, though, and scared of John and me. She lectured the hell out of us on temperance and the evils of drinking.

"She's actually kind of sweet and lovable though, and she's absolutely honest and absolutely fair about her work. None of this late on the set or demanding close-ups or any of that kind of thing. She doesn't give a damn how she looks. She doesn't have to be waited on, either. You never pull up a chair for Kate. You tell her 'Kate, pull me up a chair will ya, and while you're at it get one for yourself.' I don't think she tries to be a character. I think she *is* one."

Bogie would always refer to the picture as a labor of love, commenting, "We loved those two silly people in that boat. And Katie, of course, was absolutely perfect."

But whatever the fights, which both seemed to revel in, the acting was perfect. Huston claimed that the instinctive, subtle interplay between them made the film "better than we had written it, as human, as comprehending as we had any right to expect from any two actors."

The critics and public alike agreed, and in 1951 the film received four Academy nominations – for best actor, best actress, best director and best screenplay. Bogie won his first and only Oscar hands down.

Though he had always scoffed at the Awards, when his time came to receive his statue, he fluffed his prepared ad lib and barely managed to stammer a shaken 'Thanks.'

Later he declared that it was all bunk and the only true test of ability would have actors recite the same speech from *Hamlet*. A few days after receiving his Oscar, he told a columnist, "The way to survive an Oscar is to never try to win another one. You've seen what heppens to some Oscar winners. They spend the rest of their lives turning down scripts while searching for the great role to win another one. Hell, I hope I'm never even nominated again. It's meat-and-potato roles for me from now on."

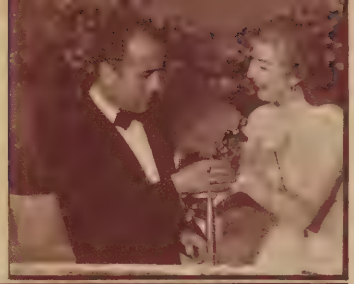
He added sincerely that he could never have won it without Kate to act with.

He did receive another Oscar nomination just three years later, for *Caine Mutiny*. But it is *The African Queen* that goes down in history as one of his greatest.

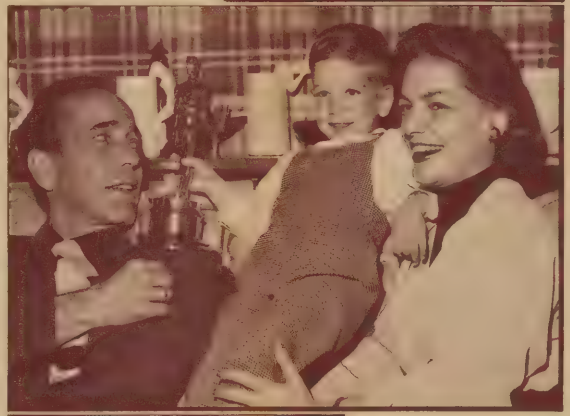
Hepburn, accompanied by Spencer Tracy, made a last visit to the fatally ill Bogie on a Saturday night in January of 1957. Brave and joking as always, he finally became visibly tired and they arose to leave. Kate leaned over and kissed him. Monday morning he was dead.

Kate believed that he knew he was dying but didn't wish to discuss it. "As long as he didn't admit it," she would say afterward, "he knew everybody had to play the game with him, and a very fine game it was. It was the game of life. He was always willing to pay the price for anything he did. He thought he had had a great life, and he was willing to pay for it."

It was the final word from his most unlikely—and maybe best—leading lady. Maybe they were different as day and night—maybe they even fought—but they had come to know and love each other very well. ●



In 1951 Bogart finally won an Academy Award for his performance in "The African Queen" and Greer Garson presented him with his statuette. Hepburn was also nominated for this film.



Above, Bogie proudly displayed his Oscar for Lauren and their three-year-old son, Stephen. Below, Bogie and Hepburn as they appeared together in "The African Queen." After sweating through making that movie and constantly bickering with each other, the King of the Rat Pack and Hollywood's most aristocratic actress became permanent and unparalleled buddies.

Not Everyone In Hollywood Liked Bogie

His feuds with Clark Gable and Errol Flynn

There were lots of guys in Hollywood who didn't like Bogart. Like William Holden, his co-star in *Sabrina*, for example, who once said, at the mere mention of Bogie's name, "I'll kill that son of a bitch!" But the real trouble was that there were lots of guys in Hollywood that Bogie couldn't endure—and he couldn't stop needling them into a rage. For some reason, his two pet hates were Clark Gable and Erroll Flynn. "It was their on-screen phoney derring-do that got him," an old friend of Bogie's once explained. "It wasn't that his tough-guy character was so real. But it seemed realer to him than swashbuckling through life the way those guys seemed to do. To him, that wasn't acting—nor a very realistic response to life." But Gable, at least, Bogie would concede was a star. The name Flynn would just make him sneer. Another friend of Bogie's thought it was because he'd appeared with Flynn in two films, and had gotten a glimpse of how Erroll conducted his private life. "Bogie was a very moral guy, really—a prude, you might say. He never could take on more than one woman at a time, and he always made it legal. In their one important film together, *Virginia City*, Bogie played thief to Flynn's hero, who kills him in the end. It took a lot of control for Bogie not to turn the script around and kill Flynn before the movie was over. The fact that it was a Western never Bogie's forte—just didn't help. ●

As Time Goes By...

Tonight *The Maltese Falcon* may be opening in a small moviehouse in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, or concluding a smash run at a drive-in theater in Bangkok, Thailand. The part about the drive-in theater is tongue-in-cheek, no doubt, but the fact that Humphrey Bogart Film Festivals have become a world-wide phenomenon is not. Somewhere, in some dark corner of the globe, at any given moment, Duke Mantee or Harry Morgan or Captain Queeg is mesmerizing a whole new audience of movie patriots. With subtitles, of course.

It is a strange quirk of destiny that the man with the washed-out countenance has gained cinematic immortality over such contemporaries as Lionel Barrymore, Gary Cooper, and Clark Gable. In his day Bogart was considered minor ammunition in comparison to these box-office boy wonders. But while Barrymore and company are now remembered mainly for distinguished screen performances, Bogart has become a cult hero *extraordinaire*. Horatio, for more reasons on heaven and earth than mere talent alone. His Bohemian reputation, his consistent skirmishes with filmworld propagandia while he lived—all the contradictions that made him the most lovably exasperating figure of his age—are what now make Bogie a living legend to disciples too young to remember him the first time around. The college kid, the Eisenhower Era set, this is the sub-culture that elevates Bogiegography to the level of big, big business.

Bogart was a legend in his own time and the legend lives on

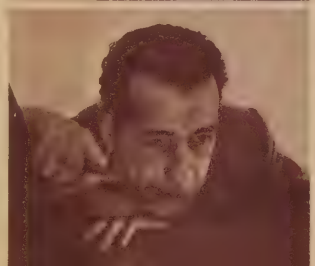
Of course, there is another army of Bogart enthusiasts who help keep films like *Casablanca* number one on the late, late movie list. These are the hard-core nostalgia buffs—the same zealots who come to worship at Greta Garbo Film Festivals and who regularly recite the Gospel According to D. W. Griffith. This brand of moviegoers always believed that Bogie and Mary Astor made far more exciting screen chemistry than Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, and time has not proven them wrong.

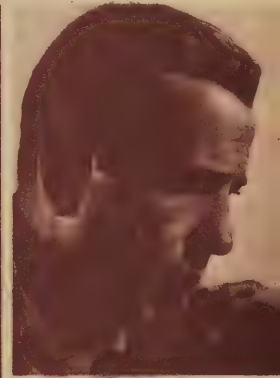
In the fourteen years since his death, the King of the Rat Pack has exerted a monumental influence on the course of cinemology. Aside from reigning supreme on the TV rerun circuit, aside from all the coffee table editions that have been compiled about him—aside from the fact that Woody Allen dedicated a hit Broadway comedy to the master called *Play It Again, Sam*—Bogart's ghost has exercised a far more crucial power. It has literally dictated the destiny of countless young film actors. Twenty years ago who would have dreamed that mugs like Dustin Hoffman's and Elliott Gould's could have superstar potential? Yet today the teenybopper-hausfrau corps finds them more than merely palatable. They're downright, deliciously *sexy*, in fact!

Bogart, who was the first of the "ugly boys" to make it big in Hollywood, is largely responsible for the current success of anti-heroes like Gould, Hoffman, George C. Scott and George Segal.

No wonder the same under-the-hill crowd who have already turned *The Graduate* and *Patton* into cult pictures are also flocking to see dusty gems like *The African Queen* and *Sierra Madre*. Bogie not only seems like Benjamin Braddock's long-lost grandfather, he has social consciousness and a healthy dose of anti-Establishment in him too. As all the cinema historians tell us, during his heyday Bogart was one of the most mischievous cogs in the so-called System. He was famous for his avant-garde liberal views, his enthusiastic support of black causes long before Martin Luther King became front-page news, and he was one of the few Hollywood giants who refused to buckle under during the McCarthy wave of the fifties. To today's disenchanted youth, Humphrey Bogart is more than a quaint piece of memorabilia. He is one old-timer who has passport credentials into the rocky world of superconic protest. The Tom Paines of Harvard Square and Kent, Ohio, can find a little bit of Ralph Nader in Bogie's legendary sling-shot feuds with the old studio Goliaths, just as they can applaud Jane Fonda's personal peace campaign or George C. Scott's one-man Oscar war.

Humphrey Bogart, who fits somewhere into American history between the stock market crash of '29 and the demolition of Hiroshima, has turned out to be a "good guy" after all. He is one of the few authentic heroes this nation ever manufactured.





BACALL SINCE BOGART

"I think there is so little that is really solid in this world to identify with, and Bogie is solid. It's something very tangible to hold on to."

—Lauren Bacall

Part of any friend's duty is to comfort the bereaved widow and after Bogie's death Sinatra became Lauren's constant companion. Here he escorts her to a 1957 film premiere.

After attempting to wed first in Europe and then in the U.S., Lauren and Jason Robards Jr. finally took their vows on July 5, 1961 in Ensenada, Mexico. But they were doomed to divorce.

Recently Pan American Airways had what they thought was a great idea to promote their flight to Casablanca. Why not use the man who had made the city immortal—who had made it, in fact, a legend. And so a picture of the late, great Bogart, together with the eternal "Play it again, Sam" line began appearing on airline promotion posters. It was a natural who could resist the idea?

Lauren Bacall could - and did. "Bogart didn't do this sort of advertising when he was alive," she said angrily, "so why should they be able to make him do it when he is dead? How dare they?" she demanded, threatening a law suit that would charge the airline with invasion of privacy.

Lauren was right, of course; and such is the respect for anything pertaining to Bogart in this world, that Pan Am, who had permission from the copywright owners of the film, withdrew the ad. They had not

meant to distort the Bogie legend, merely capitalize on it. Perhaps, however, they'd forgotten that Bogart had died, a flesh-and-blood human being leaving behind flesh-and-blood mourners—a family with whom he had lived, side-by-side every day. For Betty, who'd met him when she was 18 and was still a young woman of 31 when she lost him, it was the loss of a way of life the only kind of life she'd found bearable.

"I always gave the impression of being the gal whom nothing fazes," she said after his death. "But my emotions were never that secure."

Only Bogie seemed able to give her that security. "I felt safe with him. He was the only man in my life, from birth on, that I had felt safe with."

Then, in 1957, after twelve exciting years, it was over. "Life had been so secure and solid, and then you are alone," she said. No more meetings of the Holmby Hills Rat Pack. Not that Bogie's friends didn't try to help, especially Frank Sinatra. He was the man Bogie had named president of the Rat Pack, the guy who'd hung around the Bogart home so much, that Bogie once wondered if he and Lauren weren't "parent substitutes" for the tough little singer.

But after Bogie's death, it soon became apparent that Lauren wasn't going to remain any "mother" figure to Frank, nor he a "son" to her. He was so like Bogie in many ways, a romance seemed inevitable, and it was. For Lauren, dates with Frank represented familiarity, a piece of the old life she'd loved so, and she grabbed at it. Marriage had to be the next step.

But such a step was doomed from the start. The press hounded her and Sinatra and "made it impossible" for them to find any piece of mind. "They were trying to back us into a corner," Lauren said.

The publicity-hating Sinatra disappeared, and she was alone again. "I couldn't cope except by getting out of Hollywood completely. I was a bitter young woman," she says now. Finding the publicity, the business of being Bogie's widow an "undignified way to live," she fled to London, with her two children. But she was to find that geography had nothing to do with her problem. Without Bogie, she was adrift, and she needed desperately to have some purposeful anchor.

Lauren returned to New York, where she did a Broadway play called *Where's Charley?* The experience was very important to her for two reasons. She received good reviews in the play, which proved she was still a good actress, with or without Bogie. And she also met a young actor named Jason Robards.

Even today, Lauren and serious theater-goers consider Robards one of the best actors around. As a performer, and as a man, he is fascinating—and in many of the same ways Bogart was. He even looks like Bogie in that same mashed-up kind of way. There was a whirlwind courtship, a wedding, and finally a baby, little Sam. The Robards settled themselves in an 11-room apartment in New York's famous Dakota. While Jason worked steadily on Broadway, Lauren thought she might like to try some acting again if something good came along.

But there was a problem. Though Jason won critical acclaim for his stage work, his plays weren't always the kind that became box office hits. He had to go to Hollywood—and then to Spain—to shoot movies in order to supplement the family's income.

The separations were not the healthiest thing for the marriage.

Then Lauren got the lead role in a

In 1965 Lauren Bacall made a triumphant Broadway return as the spinsterish nurse in the comedy hit, "Cactus Flower." In this scene from the show she breaks out of her cocoon in a wild dance number.

play called *Cactus Flower*, and she was a critical and popular success. She was now a star in her own right, not just a lovely piece of Bogie memorabilia. She had finally left the past behind.

But had she?

"The past has a way of hounding Betty," a friend was quoted as saying. "She tries to look out ahead, through the windshield, but there are always things back there in the rearview mirror."

And nothing, it seemed, could quite make her forget the loss of Bogie. Everywhere she turned, there he was—the idol of a cult, the hero of the latest film festival, the favorite of the late-night TV movies. And the films fans wanted most to see on the telly were the Bacall-Bogart re-runs. "Those movies always come back to haunt me on that box," she said ruefully.

And those reruns were reportedly haunting the already troubled Robards marriage as well. Jason was quoted as saying that the image of the dead Bogart at times did come between them because nobody—not even Lauren—seemed to be able to stop talking about him.

"My God," said Lauren, "I can't be expected to ignore those years. Bogie had so much to do with the kind of person I am today. I'm afraid the Bogie interest is always going to be there. I would say the staying power of that man is extraordinary."

Not that Lauren didn't try to forget the Bogart years—and try hard. "Life is for the living," she said not too long ago. "Bogie's belief always was that if one mourns too long, one mourns for oneself rather than for the one who's gone."

"Bogie was . . . Bogie says . . ." She was saying it still. But who could blame her? He was the father of her two oldest children. And she tried in every way to make a full, separate life for them and for husband Jason and little Sam. But ultimately it was their conflicts—her commitments on Broadway, his need to hop all over Europe to make films—that finished their marriage.

But this time loss did not make Lauren a bitter, fleeing woman again. Now she somehow found the capacity to live and work alone if she had to -and the proof of that is her latest triumph—*Applause*. Her performance in that musical proved once and for all that Lauren Bacall is a star, a talent, an extraordinary human being herself, with or without Bogie. (Ironically, the role played by Miss Bacall in this musical version of *All About Eve* was originally played on screen by Bette Davis, the actress who appeared with Bogie more times than any other woman.)

Today, Lauren is an independent, successful woman who can look back on her life after Bogie a little less painfully than she used to. She's even grown to accept the "Bogie cult" which she once found hurtful and thought cheap. She thinks she may even understand the reason for the cult.

"I think it's due to what Bogie was as a man. I'm very proud of it, and I think his children are proud of it, too. It's a great tribute to a way of life, and I just hope it penetrates through to his children.

"I think there is so little that is really solid in this world to identify with, and Bogie is solid. It's something very tangible to hold on to."

And Lauren is making sure that her children know that. If it means tackling Pan Am and the whole world to preserve the image, the qualities which make him a legend, then she will do that. For Lauren, too, has become a very solid and courageous woman in her own right. Bogie would be proud of her. •

In 1969 Lauren made an even bigger splash in the musical, "Applause." Above, she rehearses with choreographer Ron Fields. Below, Walter Matthau hands her a Tony (she beat Kate Hepburn in "Coco").

BOGIE AND OSCAR

Bogie plays chess with Bacall's leading man in "Confidential Agent"—her second movie. Who was he? Charles Boyer.

12. Name the film and role for which Bogie received his only Oscar.
13. His leading lady in the film, Katharine Hepburn, won three Oscars. Name the films for which she won them.
14. Name two featured actors in Bogie's Oscar film.
15. Bogie was nominated for three Oscars. For which two movies didn't he win?
16. Which was the only Bogie movie to win an Oscar as Best Film?
17. Three players won supporting Oscars for Bogie films. Name them and the films they appeared in.
18. Name three leading ladies—besides Hepburn—who appeared with Bogie *after* they won their Oscars for Best Actress, and name the Bogie movie they were in.
19. Name four Oscar winners for Best Actor who appeared with Bogie *after* they'd won their Academy Awards, and name the Bogie film they were in.
20. Which two directors did Bogie films win Oscars for?
21. Name the films.
22. In which one of the following Bogie films did pal Peter Lorre *not* appear: *The Maltese Falcon, All Through the Night, Across the Pacific, Passage To Marseille, Beat the Devil*

Shown here in 1934, Bogie co-star in "Two Mrs. Carrolls"? Barbara Stanwyck

BOGIE TRIVIA

23. Who was the friend who nicknamed him "Bogie"?
24. Name five of the six Bogie films directed by John Huston.
25. Name the man who directed more Bogie films than anyone else.
26. What—or who—do the following films have in common: *Bullets or Ballots, Kid Galahad, The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse, Brother Orchid, Key Largo.*
27. What was the last film Bogie made for Warner Brothers?
28. What was the last film he ever made?
29. Name the films in which the following Bogie characters appear: Philip Marlowe, Duke Mantee, Fred C. Dobbs, Monsieur Rick.
30. Who was "The Cast"?

Bogie sings! His listener is what '40's songstress? Ginny Simms.

31. And last, but never least—name the actor who was the famous "Sam" who played and sang, "As Time Goes By," again and again.

OVER

ANSWERS

1. Bette Davis
2. Ida Lupino, Mary Astor, Lizbeth Scott, Agnes Moorehead
3. *That Certain Woman*
4. *Dead Reckoning*
5. *Marked Woman*
6. Joan Crawford
7. Bette Davis in *Bad Sister*; Lauren Bacall in *To Have and Have Not.*
8. Ingrid Bergman in *Casablanca;* Katharine Hepburn in *The African Queen*
9. Alexis Smith
10. Ida Lupino in *High Sierra*
11. *Bold Venture*
12. Charlie Allnut in *The African Queen*
13. *Morning Glory, Guess Who's Coming to Dinner, The Lion In Winter*
14. Robert Morley, Theodore Bikel and/or Peter Bull
15. *Casablanca, The Caine Mutiny*
16. *Casablanca*
17. Walter Huston in *Treasure of Sierra Madre;* Claire Trevor in *Key Largo;* Edmund O'Brien in *The Barefoot Contessa*
18. Jennifer Jones in *Beat the Devil,* Audrey Hepburn in *Sabrina,* Bette Davis in *The Petrified Forest, Marked Woman, Kid Galahad, Dark Victory*
19. Lionel Barrymore in *Key Largo,* Jose Ferrer in *The Caine Mutiny,* William Holden in *Sabrina,* Fredric March in *The Desperate Hours*
20. Michael Curtiz and John Huston
21. Curtiz' *Casablanca;* Huston's *Treasure of Sierra Madre*
22. *Across the Pacific*
23. Spencer Tracy
24. *The Maltese Falcon, Across the Pacific, Treasure of Sierra Madre, Key Largo, The African Queen, Beat the Devil*
25. Lloyd Bacon directed seven Bogie films: *San Quentin, Marked Woman, Racket Busters, Oklahoma Kid, Invisible Stripes, Brother Orchid, Action in the North Atlantic*
26. Edward G. Robinson appeared in all.
27. *The Enforcer*
28. *The Harder They Fall*
29. *The Big Sleep, The Petrified Forest, The Treasure of Sierra Madre, Casablanca*
30. Lauren Bacall. Whenever he wanted to see her, he told his then-still-wife, Mayo Methot, he was going out with "the cast."
31. Dooley Wilson □

He insisted Bogie be in "Petrified Forest." Who is he? *Leslie Howard.*

This publicity still was taken to promote the reteaming of Bogart and Bacall in their second film together. What was it? *„The Big Sleep."*

She co-starred with Bogie in "Battle Circus." Her husband played Philip Marlowe, same character Bogie played in *"The Big Sleep"* in "Murder My Sweet." Who is this screen couple? *June Allyson and Dick Powell.*